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FEBRUARY 1964
Together®
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

John Wesley: MAN OF MEDICINE, TOO! A Forgotten Story of Methodism's Founder

BY KENNETH N. ANDERSON AND RICHARD DUNLOP

ALSO

The House (Bob) Hope Helped Build in London

Liberia: A Pictorial Visit in Full Color

Four Methodist Bishops Answer Three Questions on the Problem of Race

How We Care for Our 'Worn-Out' Preachers

What's New in Methodist Hospitals and Homes

John Wesley opened a free medical dispensary at Bristol, England, in 1746. Several thousands were treated and "many who had been ill for months or years were restored to...health" (see story, page 22).

The Master Healer

Rise, take up your pallet, and walk. —JOHN 5:8

✢ AS A PHYSICIAN, John F. McCuskey, a Methodist of Clarksburg, W.Va., had been profoundly impressed by the biblical story of Jesus healing a man at the pool of Bethesda (John 5:2-9). At the time of his death in a 1958 auto accident, he was planning to contact Warner Sallman, the noted religious artist, and propose the story as the theme of a mural for Clarksburg's new, Methodist-related Union Protestant Hospital. Remembering his wish, others commissioned the painting seen below. It now hangs in the hospital as a memorial to the young doctor who was convinced that medical science alone could not heal diseased and broken bodies.

© Union Protestant Hospital, 1961

The Church in Action

Methodist Stand on Drinking to Be Restated in Modern Terms

THE NEWS: The nearly 900 delegates to the 1964 Methodist General Conference, opening in Pittsburgh April 26, will be asked to reaffirm in contemporary terms Methodism's traditional stand on abstinence from alcoholic beverages. Now being drafted is a statement which, says Roger Burgess, associate general secretary of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, will be based on "solid ethical and theological grounds, rather than on legal or historical arguments." While it will acknowledge that some Methodists drink, it will challenge them to rethink their position.

Background: Mr. Burgess, who heads the board's Division of Temperance and General Welfare, found himself in the midst of controversy last fall when a wire service report of an article he had written for *Concern*, a publication of the board, left the impression that the Methodist stand on drinking might be softened. He had reported surveys showing that from 49 to 85 percent of Methodists questioned used liquor. One study disclosed that 72 percent of the men and 59 percent of the women in one Kansas Methodist church disputed The Methodist Church's abstinence stand.

Mr. Burgess and other church leaders refuted the wire-service story by stating flatly that the church does not intend to change its position. "The new statement," says Mr. Burgess, "actually will strengthen the position of our church for abstinence."

Methodism's General Rules, written by John Wesley for the early Wesleyan societies and still quoted in the *Discipline of The Methodist Church* (Paragraph 95), are very specific on abstinence:

"It is therefore expected of all . . . that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation,

"First: By doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced, such as . . .

"Drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity. . . ."

The Methodist Social Creed declares: "We believe that the disciplined life in Christ is a temperate life. Total abstinence from the use of alcoholic beverages is the historic position of The Methodist Church" (*Discipline,* Para. 2020 III C).

The *Discipline* also provides for the trial of Methodist laymen accused of buying, selling, or making intoxicating liquor; signing a petition for a liquor license; becoming surety on the bond of a person engaged in liquor traffic; or persisting in the use of alcoholic beverages after reproof by the pastor or a lay leader (Para. 969).

Why a restatement? Facing the legislative committee of the Division of Temperance and General Welfare is the job of strengthening, not weakening, the church's position, and inducing members to comply. It will attempt to restate the case for abstinence based on the ethic of love and its application to personal decision-making, rather than on authoritarian, historical, or legalistic grounds.

"The Methodist case for abstinence must be made by Christians living now," says Mr. Burgess. "The question is not, 'What did Wesley do 150 years ago?' or 'What did Jesus do 2,000 years ago?' It is, 'What does God will for this day and time, as we know his will through Christ, the Bible, church history, and the collective Christian community?' "

The modernized position of the church on the alcohol problem would amend the Methodist *Discipline* to:

- Reassert the church's fundamental concern for the problems of alcohol and the conviction that its members should abstain from all use of alcoholic beverages.
- Emphasize that Methodists are called by love not only to abstain but also to seek healing and justice for the neighbor who is victimized.
- Declare that those accepting nomination or

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appointment for any official leadership in the church are expected to refrain from all uses of intoxicating beverages.

The new statement also is certain to emphasize the need for finding positive and constructive solutions to the alcohol problem through education in the church and school, rehabilitation of alcoholics, legal controls, and research.

Significance: Recommendations of the legislative committee acting on the statement adopted at the 1963 board meeting will be reported to the 1964 annual meeting of the Board of Christian Social Concerns in Washington, February 17-20, and submitted as approved by that body for adoption by General Conference. Church leaders then intend to press a new campaign against the use of alcoholic beverages. But the emphasis will be on personal righteousness, rather than official frowning and legalistic prohibition.

"We call upon our members to make their own voluntary commitment to total abstinence," declared Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, a member of the general board, in a recent issue of the *Nebraska Area News Edition* of TOGETHER.

"We must face the fact that no official stand becomes effective except through the individual lives of its members."

WCC Announces Theme For Week of Prayer

The World Council of Churches announced *The Great Shepherd of the Sheep* (Hebrews 13:20) as the theme for its 1964 Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, January 18-25.

WCC's Commission on Faith and Order, which sponsors the week, noted that the annual observance has resulted in various ecumenical endeavors such as interconfessional Bible study, retreats, discussion groups, and public conferences aimed at better mutual understanding.

The commission pointed out that while "He is the Great Shepherd," Christians "do not live together as His one flock.

"We are called to share one hope and we often talk about it," the commission said, "but we are unable to live together in it."

Wesley Foundation Study Set

Wesley Foundations will be studied to bring about "a more effective campus ministry of The Methodist Church."

"This study will provide information and standards for a thorough and impartial analysis of Wesley Foundations," said Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston, chairman of the committee on consultation for the study.

The first Wesley Foundation—Methodist student centers at colleges and universities—was organized in 1913. Now there are 183 foundations.

Bishop J. M. Springer Dies

Bishop John McKendree Springer, 90, who pioneered Methodist missions in Africa, died in Penney Farms, Fla., December 2. Funeral services were held there December 6.

Bishop Springer

Born in Cataract, Wis., the bishop began his career as a missionary to Africa in 1901 following his graduation from Garrett Biblical Institute, now Garrett Theological Seminary. He was a member of the class of '99 at Northwestern University, and held honorary degrees from Garrett and Taylor University, Upland, Ind. The Order of the Lion was conferred upon him by the King of the Belgians.

Bishop Springer, who retired in 1944, was elevated to the episcopacy by the 1936 General Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church as a missionary bishop for Africa.

Bishop and Mrs. Springer had been living in Penney Farms since the fall of 1963, following their return to the United States from Mulungwishi, a mission station which he established in The Congo. In retirement, he had devoted much time to educational and

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

FEBRUARY

4-7—National Study Conference on Church-State Relations, Aurora, Ill., sponsored by National Council of Churches.
9—Race Relations Sunday.
12—Ash Wednesday, Lent begins.
14—World Day of Prayer.
16—First Sunday in Lent, Day of Dedication.
16-23—Brotherhood Week.
17-20—Annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, Tampa, Fla.

evangelistic work, especially to the Springer Institute, which he organized for training young Africans as pastor-teachers and their wives as practical nurses and teachers.

Urge European Methodists Face Up to Responsibilities

More than 100 Methodist leaders from 14 nations urged Methodist churches of Europe to look to their social responsibilities.

The European Convocation on Christian Social Concerns at Freudenstadt, Germany, recommended a "more developed theology of society," reappraisal of relationships with other groups in society, facing of corporate responsibility regarding national and international issues, creation of organizations and materials to encourage discussion of problems, and more attention to social witness in the church's schools.

Church Membership Keeps Pace With Population Growth

American church membership and the country's population both show a 1.6 percent increase, according to the *1964 Yearbook of American Churches* published by the National Council of Churches.

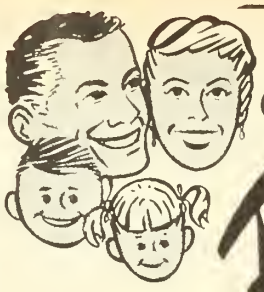
The *Yearbook* shows that 117,946,002 Americans are church members and represent 63.4 percent of the population, the same as a year ago. The all-time high percentage of 63.6 was recorded in 1960.

Statistics in the *Yearbook* are "mainly" for 1962 or for fiscal periods ending in 1962.

Protestant membership is recorded at 64,929,941 as compared to 64,434,966 a year ago—a 0.77 percent gain. Roman Catholic membership is 43,847,938—a gain of 2.3 percent over the previous year.

Protestants are 34.9 percent of the total population—a 0.3 percent decline from the previous year—and Roman Catholics are 23.6 percent of the population—a gain of 0.2 percent.

The *Yearbook* listed the number of



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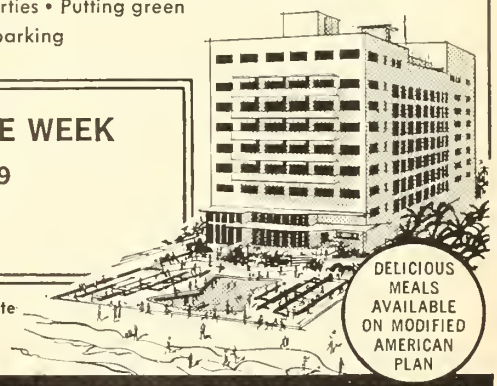

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Triplets were baptized in Providence Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Rev. James B. Darcy (right) shown holding Delores Julianna Ramsey. The parents, Robert and Delores Ramsey, hold the two boys, Robert Daniel and Brian Andrew.

pastors having charges as 246,600, while the number of ordained persons is 364,475.

Some 287,642 Sabbath or church schools had 3,712,251 teachers and officers and a total enrollment of 44,615,963, according to the NCC publication.

Methodist Layman Elected Vice-President of NCC

A Methodist layman, Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, president of the University of Oregon, is the new vice-president-at-large of the National Council of Churches.

The widely known educator and former secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, was elected at the sixth triennial General Assembly of the NCC at Philadelphia, November 30-December 7. He also will be vice-chairman of the council's General Board. The retiring vice-president-at-large was Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C.

Dr. Flemming was one of Methodism's 139 voting delegates chosen from the church-at-large and its agencies by the Council of Bishops and Council of Secretaries to attend the week-long session.

The new NCC president is Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, president of the Board of Bishops of the Evangelical United Brethren Church and chairman of that denomination's commission on church union considering possible merger of the Methodist and EUB churches.

The Assembly is the legislative and policy-making body of the NCC. Its membership comes from the 41 Protestant and Orthodox communions participating in the council activities.

In other action the assembly:

- Urged Congress to "take every step necessary" to insure passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1963, and suggested its members make special trips to Washington to urge congressmen to pass the law.
- Adopted a 10-point resolution calling on churches and individual Christians to take specific steps toward complete elimination of racial discrimination in their organizations, agencies, and institutions.
- Reaffirmed its support of the council's special Commission on Religion and Race, and called for continuation of the commission in the "light of emerging needs."
- Paid tribute to the late President John F. Kennedy, and called for support of President Lyndon Johnson.
- Adopted a new constitution which will bring all council activities within the responsibilities of those who must answer for the council's activities.

One Methodist observer described the session as marking another step in the maturity of an organization which makes possible the reality of 41 denominations doing business together.

Bishops' Mission Brings Races Together in Tennessee

The full membership of white and Negro Methodist annual conferences in Tennessee met jointly for sessions of the Bishops' Mission on the Ministry. The meeting was believed to be the first of its kind in Tennessee.

Two meetings involved the Holston and Tennessee Conferences of the Southeastern Jurisdiction and the East

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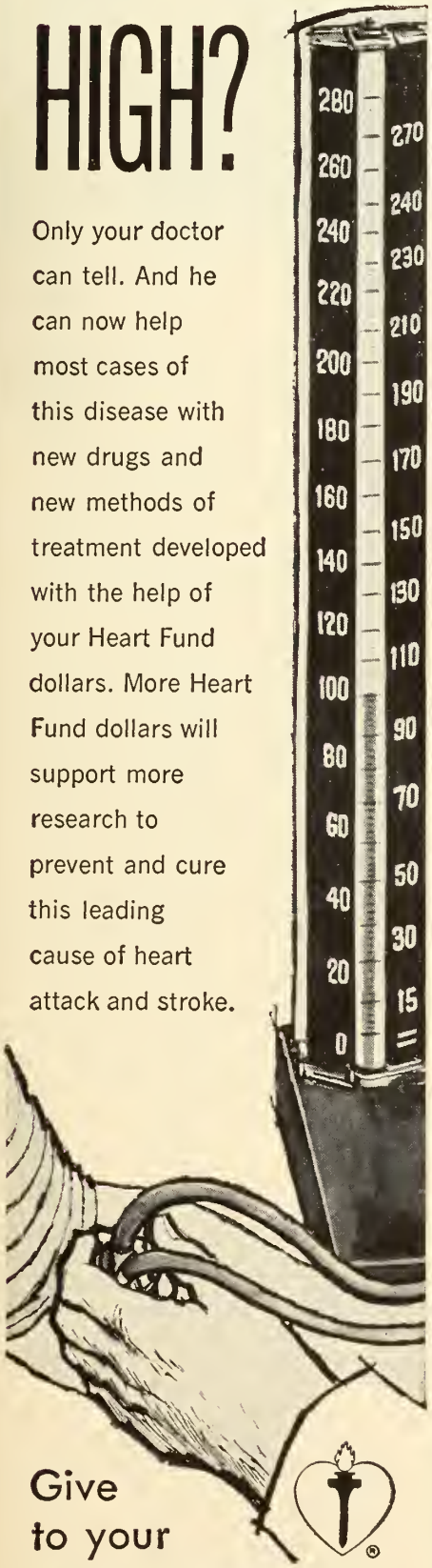

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Tennessee and Tennessee Conferences of the Central Jurisdiction. More than 2,100 ministers and laymen attended the interracial sessions.

The Methodist Council of Bishops, at about the same time in Detroit, called on all Methodist pastors "to receive all who are qualified and who desire to be received without regard to race, color, or national origin." [See page 15 of this issue for the full text of the statement.]

Meanwhile, the Central Methodist Church of Monroe, N.C., in a "Declaration of Concern" called for respect for the rights of all individuals regarding the racial situation there.

The Rev. Harley Williams, pastor of Central Church, said the declaration was passed unanimously by the official board and calls for an evaluation of all persons "regardless of race, creed, or color, on the basis of individual merit" and "elimination of discrimination."

"No person should be denied access to the House of God or Christian fellowship," said the national Methodist Conference on Christian Education at its annual meeting in Chicago, Ill. It called upon "our churches" to "open their doors wide" to all who would enter.

Astronaut Cooper Honored By WMC, Evangelism Council

Astronaut L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., who holds the American record for space travel, was presented a World Methodist Council medallion by the national Methodist Council on Evangelism at its annual meeting in Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Kermit Long, Phoenix, Ariz., retiring president of the council, made the presentation to Major Cooper, a Methodist for more than 25 years.

Major Cooper made his 22-orbit flight last May in a capsule he had named Faith 7.

Dr. Truman W. Potter, pastor of Christ Church, Charleston, W.Va., was elected president of the council, succeeding Dr. Long.

Others elected include four vice-

Dr. Kermit Long, Maj. L. G. Cooper

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THE 1964 ANNUAL

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With newly commissioned deaconesses are, left to right: Dr. Clarence T. R. Nelson of Detroit, Mich., member of the Commission on Deaconess Work; Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif., chairman; and Bishop Marshall Reed of Detroit.

presidents, the Rev. George W. Chant of Minneapolis, Minn., the Rev. Granville N. Hardin of Indianapolis, Ind., R. B. Lazenby of Muskogee, Okla., and John Sonnenday of St. Louis, Mo.; secretary, the Rev. Wayne A. Lamb of Paducah, Ky.; and treasurer, the Rev. Wilford Smith of Kerman, Calif.

Deaconesses Exceed Goal

Eighty-three women have been accepted by the Methodist Commission on Deaconess Work in a recruitment program conducted during the 1960-1964 quadrennium. Ten more applicants were to be considered in January.

The goal of 75 recruits was set in 1960 to coincide with the 75th anniversary of deaconess work in the United States.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, chairman, commissioned 17 new deaconesses at the commission's annual meeting in Detroit, Mich.

CENTURY CLUB

Ten Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays have been nominated for the Century Club this month. They are:

S. T. Drummond, 101, Ironton, Ohio.
Mrs. D. R. Brown, 100, Rock Hill, S.C.
Mrs. Mattie Blue, 100, Carthage, N.C.
Enos Hartzell, 100, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Wallace Brown, 100, Rochester, Ky.
Mrs. Melvin G. (Emma) Yocum, 100, Mentone, Ind.
Thomas Whetstone, 100, Mentone, Ind.
Miss Elizabeth Dowler, 100, Tyrone, Pa.
Mrs. Annie Wyland, 100, Washington, Pa.
Mrs. Belle C. Dow, 100, Oakland, Maine.

Please give nominee's name, address, birth date, and church home when making nominations for the Century Club.

Suit Alleges Church Tax Exemption Unconstitutional

A suit has been filed in Baltimore (Md.) Circuit Court alleging that tax exemption for churches is unconstitutional.

Mrs. Madalyn E. Murray of Baltimore, an atheist, and her mother, Mrs. Leddie Mays, filed the suit. Mrs. Murray previously brought suit against Baltimore and Maryland public schools for prayer and Bible-reading practices. This resulted in the U.S. Supreme Court's decision banning such practices.

They contend that by granting tax exemption to churches the state forced her to support religious institutions and practices of others through the higher taxes she has to pay.

Should churches be ruled taxable, an example of a possible tax bill would be: Grace Methodist Church, Baltimore, land assessment, $45,820; building assessment, $523,000; tax, $23,359.

Cuban Church Still at Work

A report to the Methodist Board of Missions after the annual meeting of the Cuba Conference shows the church alive and working—"in spite of difficulties," and "determined to move ahead for Christ and the church in Cuba."

The conference decided to move ahead with its four-year-old Plan of Advance. The goals of the plan are:

- A deepening of the spiritual life of each Methodist believer.
- Theological training, especially related to basic Christian doctrine and The Methodist Church, to be given to church members and friends.
- Each believer acting as an evange-

(News *continued on page 8-C*)

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency No. 747

By ROY L. SMITH

A PATHETIC scene was enacted in a courtroom in our town not long ago—one which helped us to get a life-size picture of our heavenly Father.

A youth in his late teens had been captured while committing a crime. There was little question of his guilt. He was brought before a judge who was to hear the evidence without a jury.

In the courtroom that morning, five principal characters prepared to perform the simple little drama: the judge, the boy, the policeman who made the arrest, the city attorney who was the prosecutor, and the boy's father.

The father sat beside the youth, expressing a fatherly concern for his wayward son. He announced repeatedly to those around him that he loved his boy in spite of what he had done.

Many a preacher and religious teacher has made the mistake of representing our heavenly Father as a judge obligated to hand down a purely legal decision as to the guilt of a sinner. There is, of course, some element of that character in the status of God in a moral universe. But there is an overwhelming aspect of the character of God that cannot be fitted into the picture of the judge, because Jesus called him "our father."

If we can think of God as our heavenly Father, we can be helped to meet some of life's severest blows. As God, he has been under the necessity of arranging an orderly and dependable world. In doing so, he has ordained certain laws, each one designed to work for man's benefit. As a heavenly Father, he is under a profound moral obligation to teach his children these laws and to guide them into obedience so that they may reap benefit from them.

It often happens that anxious mothers, attempting to train their children in good morals, have talked about God as though he were a policeman whose business it is to catch wrongdoers in their wrongdoing. It is true, of course, that our heavenly Father performs some of that function if he is to be thought of as "all-knowing."

Every defiance of the moral law exacts tribute from the offender; no lawbreaker escapes the moral and spiritual consequences of his lawbreaking. The powerful may conceal their wounds, the proud may deny their injuries, but none escapes the consequences.

Every moral decision we make is followed by inevitable consequences. Paul put the matter bluntly: "Whatever a man sows, that he will also reap" (Galatians 6:7).

The verdict of the centuries is against lying, for instance. Truth has the endorsement of God. Even a white lie is an invitation to the consequence of lying. A lie even in a good cause will defeat the cause by just that much.

Every attitude we assume implies certain inevitable results. From them, there is no escape.

There are those who have been clever enough to evade the laws of the state; no man has ever been clever enough to outwit the Almighty.

The spiritual laws of life are as exact and inescapable as the laws of chemistry. No chemist can defy the laws which govern that science. Neither can the cleverest of us hope to defy the moral order of the universe without suffering the consequences of such defiance.

But God is not a policeman on the prowl. Nor is he the prosecuting attorney, attempting to make a strong case against us. He is, instead, a father who is, above all, eager to believe the best about us. The evidence may be incriminating, but that does not warp his love for us. The prophet Isaiah, authorized to speak in God's name, said, "Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

One of the basic teachings of the Christian faith is that God forgives sin through Jesus Christ. But there is a great deal of confusion in the minds of many persons as to what sin is.

Sin is not a question of breaking the laws of God. It is a question of breaking the heart of God. A God who feels about us as Jesus felt is going to be ready to forgive sins and mistakes.

And God, like a father, goes on loving us after even an adverse verdict has been returned. As the Apostle Paul asked, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

To every soul, guilty or innocent, there is offered the ministry of the Holy Spirit who, it is promised, will "guide you into all truth." Even the guilty wretch may be sure that he is not left without kindly and friendly guidance, for our heavenly Father never gives up.

Here is another of the Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency *drawn from material prepared by the late Dr. Roy L. Smith. Another* Little Lesson *will appear next month.* EDITORS

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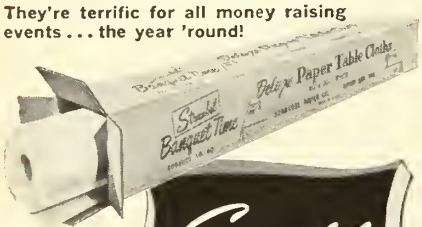

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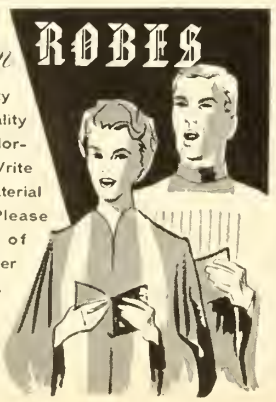

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Methodist observers at the second session of Vatican Council II were (from left) the Rev. D. A. Keighley, pastor, English Language Church, Rome; Prof. A. C. Outler, Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas; Dr. José Míguez, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Dr. L. F. Tuttle, World Methodist Council secretary, Lake Junaluska, N.C.

list, sharing his faith and personal testimony with everyone.

• Cuban Methodists completely supporting their own work.

Although church-school enrollment showed a decrease, church membership registered a slight increase.

Name MI Associate Secretary

Robert Lear of Des Moines, Iowa, has been elected an associate secretary of the Methodist Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information and director of the commission's Chicago office.

Mr. Lear succeeds Dr. Arthur West, who is succeeding Dr. Ralph Stoody as general secretary of the commission.

Methodists in the News

Dr. Harold H. Hutson, president of Methodist-related Greensboro (N.C.) College, will become provost—executive vice-president—of Methodist-related American University, Washington, D.C., on July 1.

Bishop Herbert Welch quietly observed his 101st birthday on November 7 in his New York apartment. During the month he conducted a funeral, addressed a luncheon, spoke at Methodist-related Ohio Wesleyan University's dedication of a new dormitory named for him, addressed 1,200 Michigan Methodists at a dinner, and attended every session of the Council of Bishops' three-day meeting in Detroit, Mich.

Charles C. Parlin of New York City received the first honorary doctor of divinity degree to be given a layman by Methodist-related MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Elsie Louise Stockton of Las Vegas, Nev., and **Jack Theis** of Weir, Kans., and San Francisco, Calif., missionaries to Korea, have received citations for their work. Miss Stockton was honored by the National Reconstruction Movement, and Mr. Theis by the Department of Social Welfare of the city of Seoul.

Dr. Harvey H. Potthoff, professor at Methodist-related Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colo., is the new president of the national Methodist Conference on Christian Education. Also elected were: **Miss Virginia S. Henry** of Oklahoma City, Okla., vice-president; **Dr. Walter N. Vernon** and **Dr. Harold W. Hewitt**, both of Nashville, Tenn., recording secretary-treasurer and program secretary, respectively.

Arnold Travis Poole of Stoney Creek, Va., has received the honorary American Farmer degree from the Future Farmers of America.

Dr. Harriet D. Hudson, dean of Methodist-related Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., has been elected to the board of trustees of the national College Entrance Examination Board.

Verne Orr, Sr., of Pasadena, Calif., has received the Bishop Gerald Kennedy Award as the outstanding layman of the year in the Southern California-Arizona Conference.

Arlyn Zee, 23, of near Albany, Wis., is the new national corn-picking champion in the two-row class. He registered one of the highest scores ever made—97.701 points out of a possible 100.

Dr. Arthur P. Whitney of New York City has been named national secretary of a newly created campus ministry of the American Bible Society.

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Bishop Edgar A. Love (far left) of the central Jurisdiction's Baltimore Area conversed with Bishop John Wesley Lord of the Washington (D.C.) Area last summer at the White House Conference on Race Relations. Bishop Charles F. Golden (center, right picture) was a Freedom Marcher in the same city last August. He serves the Nashville-Birmingham Area.

Three Questions on Race

Answers by Four Bishops

MIDMONTH POWWOW

With the cry, 'Freedom Now!' quickening the cadence of change, Christians continually must determine a position on such vital questions as these discussed by episcopal leaders.

Do street demonstrations help the cause of integration?

Bishop Love: Regarding this first question, let me make it clear that we are talking about street demonstrations rather than sit-ins, kneel-ins, wade-ins, and so on. In the brief period in which these demonstrations have been held, surprising things have happened. Many cities—some of our largest—and many towns have quietly integrated all their facilities without demonstrations of any kind. Those in a position to know, however, feel that the majority of these have been brought about because thinking people decided they did not want to have brought upon them the eyes of the world to compel them to do what in fairness they ought to do.

It is often said, in the arguments against staging such demonstrations, that they tend to invoke violence. Naturally, because there is great resistance on the part of ultraconservatives and those who would maintain the status quo against such dramatization of the inequities and injustices allowed by law or sanctioned by custom. Those of us who believe in mass demonstrations realize that they are not ends in themselves but means leading to handling critical race problems around conference tables. Such conferences might not otherwise be called.

I participated in the Freedom March on Washington last August when 200,000 people converged on the capital from all parts of the nation. An actor flew in from Paris with a scroll containing the names of 1,500 Americans living abroad protesting the injustices Negroes suffer. All of us were demonstrating for passage of proper civil rights laws by Congress.

There are timid souls who will speak bravely behind closed doors about human rights but who do not have

Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, New York Area (left), says civil-rights demonstrations make the public aware of injustices. Bishop Nolan B. Harmon of the Charlotte Area (right), shown here outside the Duke University Chapel, urges harmonious co-operation to achieve true brotherhood but cautions against laws that might violate the rights or privacy of individuals.

the courage to be personally involved in Christian witness. Demonstrators, by contrast, are witnessing publicly.

Yes, I believe street demonstrations help the cause of integration.

Bishop Golden: Today's most dramatic and moving witness for racial integration, human freedom, and personal dignity is being made in the streets rather than through the organizational structures of our society.

Practically all the major gains which have been accomplished recently in the cause of racial integration in the United States have come as a result of the Supreme Court's rulings and the nonviolent demonstrations by the oppressed Negro Americans and their sympathizers. The wrongness of this country's racial practices has never been so dramatically laid bare for world judgment as has been revealed in the marches for freedom and the sometimes violent reaction on the part of the oppressors.

The posture of the United States around the world has been greatly affected by the scenes in Montgomery and Birmingham, Ala.; Little Rock, Ark.; Jackson, Miss.; Danville, Va.; Albany, Ga.; and numerous other cities.

All too frequently, it has been only after freedom marches, sit-ins, selective buying, or boycotts that Negroes have been heard or changes in racial policies and practices have been achieved in many sections of our country.

The dramatic and orderly March for Freedom and Jobs last August was an exceedingly convincing demonstration of the power of a determined people committed to a righteous cause. The rightness of the cause, the dignity and skill of its execution, the dedication and spirit of its multiracial, interfaith participants, and the contagious urgency of its dynamic witness for freedom and jobs for all persons bespeak the presence of a power committed to change which our country and our church can ill afford to ignore.

Bishop Harmon: It is difficult to discuss any phase of race relations without first defining terms. Integration means one thing to one person and something else to another, and there are demonstrations and demonstrations. What kind hurt and what kind help, and hurt or help what?

From the purely civic side, unquestionably the right of protest, of public assembly, and of petition "for the redress of grievances" carried on by any number of American citizens is not only legal but indeed praiseworthy when effected in an orderly way. The world can thank Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence for establishing this principle long ago. Thus an orderly demonstration or a public march as a petition for justice is in line with the principles on which our nation was founded. Both good churchmen and good citizens alike can support such moves.

Integration (again from the purely civic side) as meaning the opportunity for all races and all people to enjoy and share in all public institutions and privileges to which American citizenship entitles them, and to exercise as individuals the inalienable God-given rights which our Constitution guarantees—this is something to be claimed and obtained at all hazards, even if it takes vast (though always lawful) demonstrations to secure it.

A great risk, however, is always to be kept in mind before blanket approval can be given any supposedly "good" demonstrations. No matter how orderly a demonstration purposes to be, it tends by its very nature to be pugnacious. "To preach nonviolence and yet to sanction street 'demonstrations' which incite to violence," observes David Lawrence, "is to stir up the deepest

emotions. . . . Men on both sides tend to feel rather than to think." Once the technique of getting results by demonstrations becomes widely adopted, all sorts of demonstrations for all sorts of ends will break out in all sorts of places.

Here is where the church, with its deep concern for humanity and for good relations between the races, and for mutual trust and interdependence which alone can make laws endure—here is where the church, and not civic power, must be counted on to help. Demonstrations may win legal rights, but the excited confrontation of two groups may be at the expense of something deeper which will never come as a result of compulsion or threat.

The law can see to it that a waitress serves a cup of coffee to anyone who has the price and appears at her counter; but the law cannot do a thing about the gesture of contempt with which she pushes that cup across the counter. To a churchman, that gesture of contempt and the underlying spirit behind it are more dangerous than any tenuous rights which may be obtained by statute.

Law and goodwill are different entities—though goodwill can secure good laws, and good laws can in time provide a sure scaffolding on which goodwill can be built, with force and compulsion best kept at a minimum.

Bishop Wicke: With the consent of the editors, I prefer to substitute the word "highlight" for "help."

A scientific approach to the street demonstrations technique would measure conditions preceding and following the events. Such a method makes no moral judgment; it aims to report the facts faithfully. These facts include what *was* yesterday and what *is* today.

Access to those generally accepted ingredients which affirm human dignity had been denied a considerable segment of our national family. These included fair and open access to neighborhood, equal employment opportunities (including the professions), substantial education, open public accommodations. In many instances the exercise of the franchise has been a forbidden luxury.

No section of the nation has a corner on these inequities. Ghettoed living stigmatizes a large segment of our population—unnoticed or unprotested by the majority of our countrymen.

Street demonstrations have triggered changes by dramatically shouting: "Look! Listen! We do *not* like it that way! We, too, are citizens with rights, aspirations, hungers as human beings."

What impartial observer could deny that these demonstrations have highlighted the cause of integration, have set in motion changes which should dignify rather than continue to depress our fellows? The clamor, the drama, the marching feet and flaring, flaming banners have made it impossible for even the most callous to pass along the way unheeding. To be sure, these demonstrations have helped the cause by making it practically impossible not to heed the call of those who have been treated unjustly.

This does not defend every demonstration. It does affirm that in one observer's opinion these dramatic exercises were necessary to awaken the multitude from its self-contentment and blast the plight of our fellows into the orbit of our conscience. The results give an unqualified, affirmative vote.

Will gradualism work?

Bishop Love: The best answer is that it has not worked so far. We are 100 years from the Emancipation Proclamation, and yet the Negro in America is not emancipated. Progress? Yes, but at a snail's pace.

We are in the midst of rapidly changing social and political conditions in our world. When the first atomic bomb exploded on the New Mexico desert and its results were tabulated, one commentator remarked, "Science has leaped forward a thousand years." Perhaps he was right. In the light of such rapid change, can we still hope to make progress in human relations by "dragging ancient feet on modern streets"?

The Negro and all other oppressed minorities are asking: If it is right tomorrow, why not give it to us today? Now is the appointed time. Maybe we will have to pay a big price for what we want, but what price is too great to pay for human redemption or human freedom?

At the Democratic national convention in Philadelphia a few years ago, when liberal planks were proposed for the platform, it was said that the time was not ripe for such pronouncements. "Give us time," said those who would keep gradualism at work. Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota remarked, "Time? We are already 175 years behind time."

Gradualism is not the answer. Action *now* is.

Bishop Golden: *Freedom now!* is the mood of our day. The concept of gradualism is anathema to an oppressed people who have waited and struggled more than 300 years for full freedom and first-class citizenship in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Gradualism has different meanings for different persons and groups. To some it means a slow, step-by-step transition within our social order; to some it means the postponement of change in race relations as long as possible; to others it means never.

It now is too late for any of these concepts to work effectively. It is too late in world history for any people to settle for anything less than full freedom and unrestricted participation in the social order of which they are a part. For nearly 300 years, the American Negro has contributed to the economic life and growth of this country without the benefit of fair or just returns for his labors.

The Negro has grown weary of second-class citizenship, broken promises, and the multitude of indignities he has endured in these United States of America because of his race. He is convinced that after 100 years the Emancipation Proclamation should have taken effect.

All members of the Christian church in the United States would do well to realize that the concept of gradualism is no more acceptable within the church than it is in our secular institutions or political systems.

As Christians—thoroughgoing and dedicated Chris-

tians—we are followers of a revolutionary Christ. Today our world is in revolution. We are called upon by our commitment to Christ to make radical changes in human relations that our Christian fellowship may represent the spirit of our Lord, whose love has saved us and through whom we are made sons of God.

Bishop Harmon: Gradualism will work—and I do not mean endless procrastination. Time and the avoidance of pressure, both from state and church, promise the best results.

I know the scorn with which gradualism and voluntarism are referred to by many and how "now is the time" becomes an accepted slogan. But human nature and the entrenched manners and customs of millions of people cannot be quickly reversed.

The truth is, much has been accomplished by time, and more will be accomplished in time. With unexpected speed, in community after community, city after city, state after state, goodwill and good laws have moved ahead together, with men and women of goodwill working together. Given the steady pressure of our nation's ideals, supported by the even higher call for goodwill and brotherhood on the part of the church, much more will be accomplished by gradualism than by marching multitudes.

Bishop Wicke: If by gradualism is meant "maintaining the pace of change witnessed over the last 100 years," the answer is a simple negative. Almost half that period was invested inventing Jim Crow * laws and giving birth to traditions peculiar to our several regions. During the second half of that century, progress was made, but the rate foreshadowed several generations of time elapsing before this nation would have been one citizenry with equal access to the several avenues which provide economic, political, and social competence.

This pace of gradualism will no longer be accepted. "Freedom NOW!" is not an idle gesture. It announces the end of an era, the end of a period of acceptance. It heralds a "new dispensation" in which the speed of change will perforce be accelerated mightily.

If by gradualism we mean the acceptance of certain inevitabilities with which our past has shackled us, the answer will differ. If gradualism means growth, the time lapse required to obtain training to meet occupational competence, the period consumed in winning an education which will qualify in the technical and professional market place, then obviously, gradualism will work because the goals sought are time-consuming

* *Jim Crow—Racial discrimination in social rights, transportation facilities, and educational opportunities to prevent intermingling.*—Eds.

At its semiannual meeting in Detroit November 13, the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church adopted this statement addressed to the church at large.

The Council of Bishops on Race

THE Methodist Church stands for the equal rights of all racial, cultural, and religious groups. We confess with deep penitence that our performance as a church has not kept pace with our profession. The right to choose a place of residence, to enter a school, to secure employment, to vote, or to join a church should in no way be limited by a person's race or culture.

The Methodist Church must build and demonstrate within its own organization and program a fellowship without racial barriers. The church must also work to change those community patterns in which racial segregation appears, including education, housing, voting, employment, and the use of public facilities. To insist that restaurants, schools, business establishments, and hotels provide equal accommodations for all peoples without regard to race or color but to exempt the church from the same requirements is to be guilty of absurdity as well as sin.

We urge our pastors, upon whom rests the responsibility of receiving persons into the church, to receive all who are qualified and who desire to be received without regard to race, color, or national origin; and we individually and collectively pledge them our support as they do so. The Methodist Church is an inclusive church.

We decry, on legal as well as Christian grounds, the denial to any person of any color or race the right of membership or the right to worship in any Methodist church. Further, to move to arrest any person attempting to worship is to us an outrage.

We call upon all Methodist institutions where such has not been done to bring their racial policies and practices in line with the Christian principles of racial inclusiveness to which we are committed.

We affirm the legality and right of those minorities who are oppressed anywhere in the world to protest, to assemble in public, and to agitate "for the redress of grievances," provided this is done in an orderly way. A public march as a vast petition for attention and justice is in line with the principles on which this nation was founded. The recent march in Washington provided a spectacular and well-directed move of this kind.

We note with satisfaction the increasing appreciation in our land and over the world of a growing spirit of justice and goodwill which in time will enable our people, both as churchmen and as citizens, to resolve unbrotherly tensions. Much has been accomplished and much more will be accomplished as the months go by. Constructive, if unnoticed, work has been going on over our whole land, and our church has been among the foremost in calling for brotherhood and justice, and for an end to long-entrenched evil.

We rejoice that in community after community, city after city, and state after state, goodwill and good laws have moved ahead with men and women of good intent working well together.

We call upon all of our pastors and members, and the people of our land and of all lands, to so speak and so live as to deepen by word and deed the brotherhood of man and make this a reality instead of a hope.

and attained gradually. However, in their attainment every avenue of vocational training and educational possibility should be opened, including scholarship aid and job availability so that the pace of this gradualism may increase.

For the other ingredients of our culture, gradualism in the historic sense will not work. The Gulf Stream of the world's awakened multitudes is running against traditional gradualism everywhere. The renaissance of striving for human dignity overleaps every barricade of restraint. Too many are believing the gospel we preached that all men are members of one family whose inheritance should be available to every man who responsibly validates his membership in God's family. In the traditional meaning of the term, gradualism will not do!

What should Christian brotherhood mean to us as Americans and as churchmen?

Bishop Love: This is a big question. Yet, to me, it is a rather simple one. It means all that it seems to imply—that is, the acceptance of all people as brothers beloved. The Christian religion is built around two things, in my thinking: (1) man's attitude toward God, (2) man's attitude toward other men. Each must be activated to be effective.

Man's attitude toward God is piety in man and eventuates in worship, adoration, and praise. Man's attitude toward other men is morality and manifests itself in justice, mercy, and kindness in all our dealings one with another. To say we love God and hate our fellowman or to disallow for him all the privileges we allow for ourselves is obviously an untruth.

The Methodist Church has spoken with a clarion voice on this question. It declares: "To discriminate against a person solely upon the basis of his race is both unfair and unchristian. Every child of God is entitled to that place in society which he has won by his industry and his character. To deny him that position of honor because of the accident of his birth is neither honest democracy nor good religion." The church now needs only to act through its many members.

Racism today is the most explosive issue confronting our world. The age-old longing of men to be free is manifesting itself on the world scene. In America, it is intensified by the long delay on the part of Christian democratic America in granting full citizenship to Negroes.

The hour has struck! The time is now for all men of goodwill actively to make their witness for right and righteousness.

Bishop Golden: God in his act of creation has made us one people. He has made us in his own image with the ability to respond to him in spirit and to one another in love.

The oneness of humanity is expressed in God's redemption through the gift of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. We, through faith in Christ, are members of the redemptive fellowship—a fellowship which transcends all barriers of race, class, or nationality. As members of the Christian fellowship responding to the call of Christ in love and obedience, we are bound to one another as brothers. We are bound in Christian brotherhood by our mutual faith in a common Lord, for through him we are all one. We are bound by our common humanity and not by the pigmentation of our skin. God our Father cares equally for all his children, and feels deeply the hurt of our separateness and our broken fellowship.

We believe that through faith in our Lord and love for one another, we all may become obedient sons of God and members of his kingdom of love.

Bishop Harmon: What I covet is a rich, co-operative working together on the part of all citizens of all races, with each individual allowed to share and share alike in all civic rights and responsibilities and, as an individual, also to be allowed to seek and hold for himself such private groupings and associations as may please him and them.

Particularly should the church, which is a voluntary institution, respect this last principle. Compulsive laws which the state may apply—to integration for instance—do not apply in the church. All enduring congregations and local-church groups are formed of those who find themselves at home with one another and enjoy such fellowship. Those who do not like a particular fellowship look for another.

No church directive can do anything about this, though it is thought that general church pronouncements can. If persons do not like the particular church, they simply go elsewhere.

Every local church must be open for worship to all people who come in sincerity to worship, but as a working fellowship each congregational brotherhood takes in or does not take in those whom it can fit into its essential life. This has been a characteristic of Protestant church life since the Reformation and represents something of the difference between the authoritative state and a free church. The state can compel, the church cannot.

The church should continue to enunciate its high principles and preach and live brotherliness and insist that all its doors be kept open for all who would enter for worship.

The church should also see that all people everywhere have the opportunity to find for themselves that particular fellowship in which, with others like-minded, there can be wrought out to best Christian advantage a working fellowship of kindred souls.

Bishop Wicke: Christian brotherhood means I am a member of an inclusive family—a family whose "bloodline" has been established by Jesus who is the Christ. Jesus who is the Son of God in flesh appearing. Jesus who is our elder brother and bids us welcome into the circle of brotherhood—a circle in which we stand as equals in the Father's house. In this household there are no separated, but equal members. We are one household of life and faith and work, one family whose relationship has been affirmed by Christ and must not be denied by any man.

Karen's first faltering steps called forth a triumphant . . .

Battle Hymn for a 12-Year-Old

By MARIE KILLILEA

I HAD SPENT years teaching my daughter to walk. Eight years to be exact. We had spent the first three years of her life searching for a doctor who would teach us how this might be done, for Karen was born with cerebral palsy.

In the eight years that followed, no less than three hours a day had been devoted to therapy so that Karen might learn to do consciously what other children did automatically. *Left foot—swing right crutch. Right foot—swing left crutch.* This was the final stage after thousands of hours on a therapy table—in our case, the dining room table—teaching her to send messages consciously to countless muscles and groups of muscles.

When she was 11, her progress ceased, and we realized that her doctor had taken her as far as he could. It is true that this realization came gradually, but there was a moment when it burst upon my mind in its full significance. It was at church on Christmas morning. There had been difficult hours in the last 11 years, but none compounded of such total discouragement—verging on despair; such fatigue—mental, emotional, and physical; and such a crushing sense of aloneness.

My prayer that Christmas morning was simple—that the God who had become a Child would help me find the way to bring my child to the limit of her potential. I asked no miracle, no cure, just the chance to develop what was there.

In the next four months, we visited many doctors, and then one bright and shining day in April a great and wonderfully sweet and simple man proposed an operation that would make it possible for Karen to go on improving. Following surgery, she would have to unlearn much of the conscious movement that it had taken her eight years to learn and start all over again on walking patterns. I was shattered but elated, for it meant that we had not come to the end of possible progress.

Karen was admitted to Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia, early in May. In the three days preceding the operation we had a social whirl, visiting with patients on our floor and others. There was Susie, our doctor's daughter, who was our particular love. She was putting up a gallant and winning fight against rheumatic fever. She was pretty, gay, gentle, and sweet.

And there was a young man named Johnny Vinci, who was recuperating from a serious head injury; Danny, who was waiting for a serious back operation, and Fred. Fred played the harmonica. He was Polish, but he took up the study of Irish melodies to delight the heart of a small colleen. We became good friends in that enduring way that is fashioned by sincere interest, compassion, and the sharing of suffering.

The day for Karen's operation finally came. When she went up to the operating room, my husband and I went to church. It was a wicked day for an operation. The temperature was 91 degrees by nine o'clock, and our feet stuck to the pavement of Broad Street as we returned to the hospital. This heat was going to be a particular problem to Karen, for immediately following surgery she was to be encased in plaster casts starting at the waist and going down each leg to the heel. She would be two

months in the hospital, unable to turn by herself or sit up.

Jimmy and I walked up and down the corridor, staying close to the elevator door, holding hands as we had so many times before in time of crisis. I was hopeful but fearful of hoping. Maybe this operation and subsequent treatment wouldn't do what we prayed for, and there is some small element of danger in any surgery. We weren't two feet from the elevator door when it whirred open, and Karen was wheeled out.

Quickly and deftly she was transferred to her bed, and then I noticed that someone was there, waiting for her. Standing at the head of the bed was Johnny Vinci. He never glanced at us but bent over the quiet form and, taking her hand, he put in the palm a roll of orange candies. Then he gently closed the lax white fingers and murmured, "They'll taste good in a little while." He straightened up and stood watching anxiously. An expression of pain came over his face as he saw the ridges of cumbersome inflexible plaster. He didn't speak to us. I think he didn't even notice that we were there.

Karen reacted quickly and well from the anesthesia. Of course, she had pain, but she handled it well. Johnny didn't. He stood suffering and silent and sweating hour after hour. He left her once for a few minutes, about two in the afternoon and then not again till his doctor got tough with him about eight in the evening and ordered him to bed. He bent and kissed Karen's damp brow, and she smiled and whispered, "Thank you, Johnny dear."

Jimmy had to go back to New York to business. I took a furnished room in a house directly across from the hospital. During the long hot weeks that followed, I was able to be at the hospital before seven and stay late in the evening. Hospitals were old hat to me; the days I'd spent in their sterile halls in the last 12 years ran into the hundreds. Not a record, I'm sure, but an impressive score.

But this hospital was something special. Karen capsuled a description of its atmosphere: "Everyone here is an angel." (There was a dear, dear resident, Dr. Walter Margy. He had such an educated heart. Karen was homesick for her family and her menagerie, so Walter brought his kitten in for visits. And no starched soul so much as raised an eyebrow.)

Karen was eager to get out of her room and resume her social life. Danny, still waiting not too patiently for his surgery, appointed himself teen-age guardian angel, chauffer, and—woe is me—mother. He'd have Karen moved off her bed and onto a stretcher and then, with a cavalier wave of his hand, dismiss *me*, and off they'd go. They didn't limit themselves to their own floor, but toured, usually ending up in pediatrics. He'd take her out on the roof in the slight cool of the evening and fuss if she didn't have a light cover on her.

The heat was torment. Inside the casts it must have been all but unbearable, but my daughter was far more concerned with the agony of the poor woman across the hall than she was about her own discomfort. As a matter of fact, I heard her refer to her operation only once and that was to comment smugly: "They stitched *me* with Allegheny steel."

Such a happy soul was she that some of the doctors used to send their patients in to chat with her the night before their own operations. "Best sedative in the world" was the reason they gave. Karen's philosophy was simple: "God doesn't make mistakes." And this she spoke with the shining faith of her young heart.

It was 2:30 p.m. on the Fourth of July when Karen's physician had the casts cut off and put on full-length braces. It was with considerable trepidation that we stood her on her feet. The doctor explained that he just wanted her to get the feeling of standing after two months of being supine and that he would not have her attempt steps for a week or so. He further explained that she would have to *learn* to walk and he would give her a walker, and she could practice and in a month she should be proficient enough to go home.

We stood close to her, supporting her at the waist as she wavered erect for several minutes. "That's enough for today," the doctor said and lifted her back on the bed. "That was fine," he encouraged her. "I'll be back this evening and we'll do it again."

I was reading to her, I remember well, Francis Thompson's sweet poem, *Little Jesus*, when she interrupted to say, "Mom Pom, I'd like to get back on my feet."

I hesitated only a moment and then slid her off the bed and onto her feet. I lifted her over to the door so that she might catch any small breeze too shy to come in. I was standing behind her, steadying her. She threw her head back and looked up at me. "May I please have my crutches?"

"Of course you can have them, sweetheart, but remember it will be four to five weeks, maybe more, before you're ready to use them."

"Trying them can do no harm."

I fitted them to her arms and she spent some 15 minutes steadying herself and moving them experimentally. She was perspiring so heavily that I had to wipe her eyes. It was this day the nurse had had to shake down the thermometer since the heat of the room was a degree or two above the normal body temperature of 98.6 degrees. I was perspiring freely myself, as much

READER'S CHOICE

Marie Killilea has contributed a great deal to public understanding of cerebral palsy—not in clinical terms but in her loving accounts of Karen's struggles. Her first book, *Karen*, tells how therapy was begun when her daughter was an infant. Therapy for cerebral palsy is, literally, a battle. The victorious day when Karen walked is included in Mrs. Killilea's latest book, *With Love from Karen*, published last fall by Prentice-Hall, Inc. This month's *Reader's Choice* selection, *Battle Hymn for a 12-Year-Old*, first appeared in *Everywoman's Family Circle* for December, 1958. (Copyright 1958 by Marie Killilea, reprinted by permission of Harold Ober Associates, Inc.) Mrs. F. Eslinger of Twin Falls, Idaho, receives our gratitude and $25 for being first to suggest we reprint the story in TOGETHER.—EDS.

with nervousness as with heat, for I remembered well the weakness of my own legs after just a few weeks in bed.

I had just put my soaking handkerchief in a pocket only slightly less damp when Karen moved her left crutch ahead of her body and then *moved her right foot!* I moved my hands to her shoulders.

"Let's go!" She moved the other crutch and shrugged off my hands. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to discourage such enterprise or instill fear—on the other hand, if she fell, it might take months to rebuild confidence.

I started to put my hands back on her shoulders to support her partly and then dropped them to my sides. It was one of those split-second decisions parents make that alter the course of many things. She took a third step, which brought her to the door.

"I'm going to walk down the hall to see Susie."

Susie's room was 40 feet away, and it was visiting hour, and there was considerable traffic. Not the best circumstances in which to solo. By some special grace I checked the involuntary "Oh, no!" that rose to my lips and said instead, "That would do Susie an awful lot of good." I said no more to Karen but silently addressed myself to heaven that she would be protected from probable disaster as a result of my folly.

Many of the visitors knew Karen, and they stopped in gawking amazement, for just yesterday they had seen her in long casts, immobile on a stretcher. Karen was concentrating too intensely to notice anyone or anything. As I walked beside her, I saw nurses leave their stations and fly to us on tiptoe. The patients who were able came out of their rooms, and many of the others demanded wheelchairs so they could watch this wonder. Word got round the hospital that something miraculous was happening on the fifth floor, and friends, patients, nurses, residents, interns, and doctors came from other floors.

Karen kept walking.

Danny and Fred had come out of their room when they heard the hubbub. When Fred realized what was happening, he darted back into his room and came out with his harmonica. He started to play *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Remember?

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord . . . Glory, glory, hallelujah . . . His truth is marching on.

Women wept, men wept, and Mommy wept—and Karen kept walking.

She walked to Susie's room.

Someone had called her doctor, and, as Karen got to Susie's bed, he came charging into the room. I can't remember what he said, but oh, so vividly I can still see him kneeling in front of Karen, holding her close against him. The imperturbable doctor had tears in his eyes.

I do remember what Karen said. Head against his cheek, her face radiant with gratitude and joy, she murmured, "Thank you, thank you —you did this for me."

And so, on Independence Day, with the gallery crowding the hospital room, spilling out into the hall, and singing "*Glory, glory, hallelujah . . . His truth is marching on,*" Karen was free to walk.

God had responded to my prayer, and of all the moments of triumph and joy in my life, there was none like this.

The *Battle Hymn* is peculiarly Karen's and peculiarly mine.

getting along Together

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In our small city, dominated by two large oil companies, a sixth-grade teacher was making a survey of the occupations of her students' parents. The daughter of the Methodist minister (whose congregation exceeds 3,000) reported the results to her mother as follows:

"Twenty of the parents work for one oil company, five or six for the other—then there were two or three, like Daddy, who just do odd jobs."

—Mrs. Frances T. Miles, *Bartlesville, Okla.*

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John Wesley, it is said, was walking one day with a man who doubted God's goodness. The man exclaimed, "I do not know what I shall do with all this worry and trouble."

Wesley called the man's attention to a cow looking over a stone wall and asked, "Do you know why that cow is looking over that wall?"

"No," was the reply.

"Because she can't see through it," continued Wesley. "That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over and above it."

—Anna W. Carr, *Marion, Ind.*

•

One day in a market I noticed an elderly lady and a small girl looking over the selection of meats. Both were poorly dressed, and the woman's hands showed signs of hard work. She decided on a pound of cheap brisket and carefully counted her change—10, 20 cents.

On the way out, the child spied some plump drumsticks. "They'll have to wait 'til next week, honey," said the old lady. The price was painly marked, "89¢ per lb." The proprietor noticed the hungry look in the child's eyes. Smiling, she said, "We have a special on drumsticks today, Mam—20¢ a pound."

—Agatha Hoover, *Roanoke, Ind.*

•

I once lived in a small town and taught a rural school 10 miles out. As the start of daylight-saving time neared, I feared great inconvenience because farm people usually adhered stubbornly to standard time.

To my surprise, I got a letter one morning which said: "We want to make it easy for you, so we will send the children on new time until the term ends."

It was signed by every patron of the school.

—Mrs. Daisy Haines, *Westford, Pa.*

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Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

UNUSUAL

Victoria Cook's archery skill won a world championship, but her most-prized trophy is still the eight-point head of a 204-pound buck deer she bagged with bow and arrow. It adorns a living-room wall of the Cook home in Crystal, Minn. Her church: Brunswick Methodist in Minneapolis.

VICTORIA COOK likes to do "precise things." She used to be an inspector in a Minneapolis machine shop where accuracy was measured in thousandths of an inch. She loved the work. Occupationally, Mrs. Cook now is "first and foremost a housewife," but she still likes doing things that require a sharply honed skill. No doubt that explains why last summer, only four years after she first took up the sport, Mrs. Cook captured the women's archery championship of the world in competition at Helsinki, Finland.

A lover of the outdoors and a hunter since girlhood, Mrs. Cook received her first bow and arrows as a 1958 Mother's Day gift from her husband, Edward, and children, Vicki, 13, and Allen, 11. She used the equipment little the first year, but began taking lessons the next spring. Four months later she won the Minnesota women's amateur title. Other honors followed, climaxed with the National Archery Association women's crown in 1961 and—after a year's layoff due to illness—the 1963 world championship last summer in Finland.

Jazz fans who admire "Knocky" Parker's record albums may not recognize the ragtime pianist by his full name: Dr. John William Parker. A college professor of English, he got his nickname as a boy when a hammer in the piano he was playing came loose and "knocked" him on the head.

BACK HOME on his parents' Texas farm, John W. Parker learned to play the piano by watching—and mimicking—action of the keys on the family's old open-front player piano. He was four years old at the time. Later, when he went with his father to hire cotton-field laborers, he heard the plaintive blues melodies and jazz rhythms played by Negro musicians on Deep Elm Street in Dallas. He never forgot their haunting music.

From his farm boyhood, Parker went on to earn degrees in both music and English, and to combine the two fields in an unusual career of teaching and jazz artistry. His doctoral dissertation, soon to be published in book form, is a study of American popular music from ragtime to bebop.

Now an associate professor of English at the University of Southern Florida, at Tampa, Fla., Dr. Parker visits campuses across the country as often as his schedule permits to lecture and play jazz concerts. Alone and with other jazz musicians, he has cut some 26 phonograph albums for major studios. His talent is well recognized in jazz circles. Said one commentary on his records: "It would be difficult to find a musician more versatile and more thoroughly versed in every aspect of piano jazz."

Methodists

WHEN HUBER W. HURT became associated with the Boy Scout movement 45 years ago, traditions were a thing of the future. Today, thanks in large measure to his life's work, Scouting has become a symbol for American boyhood.

The son of a Methodist circuit rider, Hurt had been president of two Illinois colleges before he was 36. While working on a doctoral degree at Columbia University in 1919, he was called by the national Boy Scout organization, then only nine years old, to develop handbooks for the new program. By 1948, he had written some 35 books on Scouting—including handbooks for Scoutmasters, Scout executives, 8 books which helped to launch Cub Scouting in 1930, and several editions of the *Scout Handbook*, second only to the Bible as the nation's all-time best seller.

Now 80 and living in De Land, Fla., Dr. Hurt has "retired" several times. Currently he is director of research and program for Patriotic Education, Inc., a national group which encourages the study of American history, government, and economics.

Surrounded by boys representing the three age levels of U.S. Scouting, Dr. Hurt recalls a lifetime of service to the Scout movement, 54 years old this month. His career has included writing, speaking, teaching—and three years as president of Methodism's historic McKendree College.

TO OUTSIDERS, the product which identifies Vermont is maple syrup. But it is another fluid which means most to the state's economy: milk. That's why the Rev. James D. Sorley is so well suited to serve the two rural Methodist churches at Georgia and St. Albans Bay on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain. An agriculture graduate of McGill University in Montreal, Mr. Sorley was a dairy inspector in Canada and quality-control director in an Ohio dairy before entering the ministry. This background gives him a continuing interest in dairying—so much so, in fact, that a sediment tester which he and an Ohio partner invented and are still developing may help solve one of the dairy industry's problems.

In recent years, large storage tanks and tank trucks have replaced 10-gallon cans in delivery of milk to market. The sediment tester is attached to the farm tank. When the milk is pumped to the tank truck, the tester automatically collects and filters a pint of milk, revealing immediately the slightest contamination. Designed for use by quality-control personnel, it "benefits both producer and consumer by ensuring high standards of milk purity," explains Mr. Sorley.

At home in the pulpit or in a dairy barn, James D. Sorley (left) shows the testing device he helped invent to dairy farmer Robert Newton, chairman of the pastoral relations committee in Mr. Sorley's charge. His personal interest in pure milk: twin daughters two years old this month.

This old engraving shows Wesley with two friends, the noted physician James Hamilton and the Rev. Joseph Cole.

In an era when treatment often was worse than ailments, the founder of Methodism healed by common sense.

John Wesley: Man of Medicine, Too!

By KENNETH N. ANDERSON
Editor of *Today's Health*

and

RICHARD DUNLOP
Author of *Doctors on the Frontier*

WHEN John Wesley was five years old, fire blazed up in his father's rectory. The neighbors who snatched the frightened Jackie from the flames carried to safety not only the future founder of Methodism but also a child destined to become one of 18th century England's most remarkable physicians. Throughout his life, John Wesley was not only a "brand plucked from the burning" to illumine the world of the spirit but a torch of medical learning.

"By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of a physician and may heap together imposing compound prescriptions," he once said, "but unless he be born a physician, he will never attain the genuine spirit of healing."

Wesley was such a physician—with a great religious passion to help his fellowman. Although he never enrolled in a medical school and never was licensed to practice, the spirit of healing brooded over his work with the sick and injured. He pioneered modern concepts in curative and preventive medicine, opened an early free medical dispensary, and was one of the first to explore the psychosomatic relationship between human emotions and health. In a day when bloodletting was a cure-all for most ailments, he opposed bleeding patients.

"Calling on a friend," he wrote, "I found him just seized with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. I advised him to apply a brimstone-plaster and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now to what end should this patient have taken a heap of drugs and lost 20 ounces of blood?"

He insisted upon cleanliness in a day when hospitals stored dirty linen under a patient's bed and a surgeon casually wiped one person's blood from his knife onto his apron before plunging it into the next. Wesley argued eloquently against London's open sewers and overcrowded houses.

From the age of 17 when he enrolled at Oxford University, John Wesley was fascinated by the contents of apothecary shops (drugstores), by scalpel and lancet; he read medical books with the same avidity that he read theological volumes. Members of the Holy Club—also called Methodists—which his brother Charles and he developed at Oxford, visited the sick.* But it was not until the age of 32, when he decided to accompany General James Oglethorpe's expedition to the remote coast of Georgia, that he studied medicine seriously.

Oglethorpe was charged with founding a colony in the borderland between Spanish and English power in the New World, a settlement which would secure the Carolina frontier. In the primeval forests of this faraway country, reasoned Wesley, the colonists would find no doctors to care for the sick and injured. True, he was going out as a missionary, but he might as well tend to the ills of the body while he tended to the ills of the spirit.

In 18th-century Great Britain, few doctors ever saw the inside of a medical school. In an average year, Oxford sent four medical graduates into the world, Cambridge sent a few more. Even Edinburgh, then the medical capital of the English-speaking world, turned out only 16 doctors a year. There were so few college-educated physicians that most people lived and died without seeing one. Barbers turned surgeon, apothecaries (pharmacists) turned physician, a variety of medical apprentices and charlatans practiced side by side. In keeping with the custom of the time, Wesley "read" medicine for a few months much as a lawyer of the day read the law. Then he sailed to America.

In 1736, he landed at Savannah, a town Oglethorpe had founded

* *See* Thanks to the Moravians, *January, 1963, page 30.*—Eds.

Depicted in this William Hogarth print is a scene not uncommon in 18th century England —two doctors wrangling over the treatment while their patient is dying in agony.

three years before on land given by the Indians. The missionary-doctor was fascinated by the medical practices of the Indians, and later wrote about them.

"If any are sick," he noted, "or bit by a serpent, or torn by a wild beast, the fathers immediately tell their children what remedy to apply."

He studied Spanish also so that he could converse with Dr. Samuel Ribiero Nunez, a Spanish Jew, who was practicing in the colony. With John Reinier, an exiled Huguenot physician working among the Moravians who had accompanied the English, he performed the first autopsy in Georgia. "Doctor" Wesley and Reinier listed the causes of death as "a hematoma of the abdominal wall, among other things."

The trustees of the colony had placed John Wesley in charge of the spiritual well-being of the colony, and he made frequent trips to Frederica, then a settlement of rude huts on St. Simons Island. With his brother, Charles, he preached beneath the giant oak trees and in the storehouses. He noted in his diary that he sat with the garrison surgeon, Dr. Henry Lascelles, in his last illness. He not only was doctor and minister in the surgeon's extreme need, but also made out his will and after he died, preached his funeral service at the interment in Frederica's old burying ground.*

John Wesley returned to London in 1738. Then came his Aldersgate experience and new spiritual ardor with a zeal for caring for the suffering poor people he found all around him.†

"I have seen wretched creatures within little more than a hundred miles of London," he wrote, "standing in the streets with pale looks, hollow eyes and meagre limbs, or creeping up and down like walking shadows."

It was not enough to preach God's Word in a country where starvation and disease stalked unchecked. He set up poorhouses and sought to provide employment to the needy. Then at Bristol in 1746 he opened a free medical dispensary, giving medicines to all who came every Friday. The first day, December 5, about 30 people brought their aching fevers, their gouts, their consumption to the dispensary. The first man to be treated, according to Wesley, was William Kirkman, an aged weaver.

"What complaint have you?" asked Wesley.

"O, Sir, a cough, a very sore cough. I can get no rest night or day."

"How long have you had it?"

"About three score years; it began when I was 11 years old."

Wesley smiled to himself. At least his first case was a safe one. He could not make an error which might destroy Bristol's confidence in the new dispensary. He gave the old man a harmless drug.

"Take this three or four times a day. If it does you no good, it will do you no harm."

Later he learned the old man had been cured. In 5 months, Wesley treated 500 patients. Unfortunately, the Bristol dispensary had to close during the next year for lack of

* *See the watercolor pictorial* The Wesleys in Georgia, *September, 1957, page 34; and* Methodist Americana, *November, 1959, page 61.* —Eds.

† *See* John Wesley—A Man to Know, *May, 1963, page 32.*—Eds.

medicine. But it did help set the pattern of Methodist concern which was to eventuate in a full-blown social gospel.

Most doctors of Wesley's day believed that 20 drugs would be 20 times as effective against a disease as one drug. They often heaped drug on drug into a prescription without any fear as to the results. Wesley rejected this practice, and most of the medicines he gave at Bristol and at dispensaries in London and Newcastle were simple herbs and drugs. He, in particular, opposed the reckless use of opium, bark, steel, and quicksilver preparations and insisted that healing was a natural process; a doctor need only assist with his prescriptions.

JOHN Wesley once told a friend, "He is the best physician, not who talks best or who writes best but who performs the most cures."

Even so, he proceeded to write a medical book, his *Primitive Physick, or An Easy and Natural Way of Curing Most Diseases.* It was a family medical book, easy to read, that went through 23 editions in his lifetime.* In his day, medicine was just emerging from the Dark Ages. William Harvey had completed his studies of the circulation of the blood; Leeuwenhoek had discovered bacteria through a microscope; but few practicing physicians were familiar with these findings. They relied on decoctions of elm bark, rhubarb and chalk for simple illnesses and more exotic compounds for serious cases. Dried goat's blood, dried powdered bees, and live toads dipped in oil of soot, burned and pulverized, were considered effective remedies. Some physicians wrapped a patient's aching legs in the hot lungs of bullocks or put hot, split pigeons to the soles of his feet. The eyes of crabs could be used to take away acidities.

In undernourished England, rickets was common among children. Thomas Page, surgeon at the Bristol Royal Infirmary, gave his treatment as follows:

"First blood them in the ears, then rub the place with a handsome lock of black wool and lay the wool on the ears till night and then take the wool and open it and lay it to the child's side for four or five days."

John Wesley rejected drugs derived from revolting or unclean sources; he denounced the ineffective remedies of the physicians in their full-bottomed wigs, long, red cloaks, and with gold-headed canes. Some doctors followed the humoral theory,† others were iatrochemical specialists,** others expounded to the Brunonian system.†† Wesley ridiculed all the rigid theories to which each patient's afflictions were made to fit without more than a cursory diagnosis. In his medical book, he proposed to join commonsense and his experience to the benefit of common humanity. By the term *primitive physick,* he meant the sum of medicine growing and expanding by experience and experiment instead of the rigid theories of his time. In this respect, he remarkably anticipated the course of scientific medicine which since his day has so far advanced the standards of human health.

The first part of the book dealt with commonsense rules of good health, covering diet, cleanliness, fresh air, and exercise. The second part listed over 900 recipes and cures for 288 afflictions running from abortions and agues to worms and wounds.

Some of Wesley's remedies seem absurd by modern light, for he was, after all, limited by the medical knowledge of the 18th century. Many, however, were in advance of his times. In the 1747 edition, he urged the scurvy victim to "live on turnips for a month." Such a diet of fresh vegetables would indeed have been effective. In the 1780 edition, having learned of the dramatic discovery of the use of lemons in the British navy, he suggested instead, "Take morning and evening a spoonful or two of lemon juice and sugar."

His remedy for consumption (tuberculosis) sounds absurd today. "Every morning cut a little turf of fresh earth, and, laying down, breathe in the hole for a quarter of an hour." His cure for a stuffy head, "Pare very thin the yellow rind of an orange, roll it up inside out and thrust a roll into each nostril," is dubious. But others such as a poultice of rotten apples for running sores on the legs may not be so strange in the light of the discovery of penicillin. For a coronary thrombosis, Wesley prescribed laudanum; today's doctors prescribe another opium derivative, morphine.

When it comes to dental care, John Wesley is right up to date. He recommended that people wash their mouths with cold water every morning and cleanse them after every meal. He pointed out that sweetmeats are likely to hurt the teeth, unless the mouth is rinsed after eating them.

As might be expected, many doctors derided the "irregular" physician's book. Dr. William Hawes, physician to the London Dispensary, attacked the book in print. Wesley wrote him a letter:

"Dear Sir, my bookseller informs me that since you published your remarks on the *Primitive Physick,* there has been a greater demand for it than ever. If, therefore, you please to publish a few further remarks you would confer a favour upon Your Humble Servant."

In areas of the English-speaking world where there were few doctors, John Wesley's book filled a real medical need.

DR. Robert H. Parry, professor of Preventive Medicine at today's University of Bristol, says that John Wesley was the greatest health educator of the 18th century in Britain. Not only in his book but in his sermons and his medical practice, he emphasized "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Wesley also urged swimming in cold water to promote perspiration, help circulation, and prevent colds. He did concede that "tender persons should pour water upon the head before they go in and walk swiftly. To jump in with the head

* *Wesley wrote another medical book,* The Family Physician, or Advice with Respect to Health, including Directions for the Prevention and Cure of Acute Diseases, extracted from Dr. Tissot. *Tissot was a physician-author of Berne, Switzerland.*—EDS.

† *In the old physiology, it was believed that four fluids determined a person's health and temperament—blood, phlegm, choler (yellow bile), and melancholy (black bile).*—EDS.

** *Chemistry combined with medical practice.*—EDS.

†† *A system of medicine of the Scottish physician John Brown (1735-1788), based on the theory that disease consists in excess or deficiency of external stimulants upon the body.*—EDS.

foremost is too great a shock to nature."

His mind restlessly seeking for knowledge, he avidly read reports of Benjamin Franklin's experiments with electricity, and employed electrotherapy in nervous disorders. In November, 1756, a girl was brought to him in an epileptic seizure. After a gentle shock from Wesley's friction machine, it stopped. The physician stopped the third attack in the same way. He discovered he could cure hysterical palsies with electrical shock but not palsies caused by organic disease.*

John Wesley's medical practice also brought him in touch with many cases of what we now call psychosomatic illness. He reports himself as "reflecting today on the case of a poor woman who had continual pain in her stomach. I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this they cannot cure though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? From fretting for the death of her son."

He summed up his highly advanced thinking on the importance of emotions to human health: "The passions have a greater influence upon health than most people are aware of. All violent and sudden passions dispose to or actually throw people into acute diseases. Till the passion which caused the disease is calmed, medicine is applied in vain. The love of God, as it is the sovereign remedy of all miseries, so in particular it effectually prevents all the bodily disorders the passions introduce, by keeping the passions themselves within due bounds: and by the unspeakable joy and perfect calm serenity and tranquility it gives the mind, it becomes the most powerful means of health and long life."

From his thinking on emotions and health emerges the bond that links John Wesley, theologian, to John Wesley, doctor of medicine. It is the teaching of Jesus, who has been called the Great Physician.

* *In 1760 Wesley published* The Desideratum: or Electricity Made Plain and Useful.—Eds.

216 years before the 50-mile hike:

Wesley Preached EXERCISE... and More Exercise!

In their youth, John Wesley and brother Charles habitually walked miles daily, reading all the while.

PRESIDENT Theodore Roosevelt harped on the vigorous life, and the late President John Kennedy called upon American men to make themselves physically fit. Latecomers, both of them!

More than 216 years before the current appeal, John Wesley not only laid down rules which hold good today but he himself set the example.

His campaign was all the more remarkable because his was an age of immoderate eating and drinking, of malodorous streets, stuffy houses, and lack of personal cleanliness.

Exercise! And more exercise! This was Wesley's frequent exhortation. In his general rules for health, he advised: "Use as much exercise daily in the open-air as you can without weariness." He added, "Walking is the best exercise. . . . We may strengthen any weak part of the body by constant exercise."

Again, in *Thoughts on Nervous Disorders*, he urged: "Every day of your life take at least an hour's exercise, between breakfast and dinner [noon]. If you will, take another hour before supper, or before you sleep. If you can, take it in the open-air; otherwise in the house. If you cannot ride [a horse] or walk abroad, use, within, a dumb-bell or a wooden horse."

Along with his prescription for exercise was his caution: "Use plain diet, easy of digestion, and this as sparingly as you can." Further: "For studious persons [office workers today] about 8 ounces of animal food and 12 of vegetables in 24 hours is sufficient." Wesley stressed, "Drink only water," and repeated time and again, "Abstain from all spiritous [sic] liquors."

In 1779, he noted that many Methodist ministers did not exercise enough —"not nearly so much as they did before they were preachers. And sometimes they sit still a whole day. This can never consist with health. . . . They take more food than nature requires; particularly in the evening." So he told them, "Eat very light, if any, supper."

Wesley has been acclaimed the "greatest health educator of the 18th century in Britain." The saying "Cleanliness is next to godliness," has not been traced beyond one of his sermons. His health rules included this one: "Everyone that would preserve health should be as clean and sweet as possible in their houses, clothes and furniture." He counseled men in sedentary work "should frequently shave and frequently wash their feet."

"Cold bathing," he said, "promotes perspiration, helps the circulation of the blood and prevents the danger of catching cold."

And, after urging "Sleep early and rise early, never lie in bed much above seven hours," Wesley called for rigorous self-control. Pointing out that "all violent and sudden passions dispose or actually throw people into acute diseases," he wrote:

"Beware of anger, beware of worldly sorrow, beware of fear that hath torment, beware of foolish and hurtful desires, beware of inordinate affection."

Finally, addressing ministers, he said: "Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or [else you] murder yourself by inches."

A Together in the Home *Feature By ROSEMARY LANCASTER*

EACH MEMBER of my family found this card at his place at the table last spring when housecleaning days were over:

"Thank you for helping me with the spring housecleaning. Now what can I do for you?"

Everyone had been helpful in cleaning closets and dresser drawers but, most of all, everybody had been patient while I finished up the heavy cleaning. And I knew I had been neglecting them.

The next evening all four notes were returned, each with a request.

"A trip to the museum."

"Have a friend over Saturday."

"Make my doll a new dress."

Dad's area of neglect was obvious: "A couple of banana cream pies."

Using pencil and paper to make the ordinary seem special has become a tradition in our family. We have used pencil and paper to make a birthday treasure hunt, for requesting jobs, even to announce penalties. It costs nothing and adds much to our family memories.

One "broke" Christmas, notes written on Christmas wrapping paper were tied to the tree. All read the same:

Time have I much,
Money have I none,
One hour I give to you
To get your project done.
Love,
Daddy

Their father knew the older children would have definite projects in mind. And I had recently had the kitchen painted, but needed the knick-knacks put back on the walls. However, Dad told me he wondered if four-year-old Wendy would really understand.

He need not have worried. She was to have her hour after her nap. She wakened and carried a broken necklace to him. "Can you fix it?" she asked.

"I think so," said Daddy. Wendy skipped away to the workshop behind him swinging her arms as she always does when she is happy. They both returned an hour later. Wendy, wearing her repaired necklace, was pushing her buggy which had been out of working order for months. Daddy was carrying her doll highchair in perfect condition again.

There is no question that this gift will have a lasting effect on Wendy, probably more than any purchased one.

One Valentine's Day when they were younger, I was feeling especially happy about all four of our children's behavior and thought it an appropriate time to tell them about it.

I made big red hearts out of thin cardboard for each child and tied them with a ribbon so they could be worn around their necks. These were used as place cards at the dinner table. In white ink was written on each one why each child had pleased me.

John was such a nice big brother. Claudia, age six, was so independent. Joe had a cheerful welcome for everyone. On Wendy's, then two, I wrote, "Fancy Pants for a 'dry' pants little girl." I had a small gift under each heart. The latter was obvious. The other gifts were 10-cent-store items the children had been wanting, iodine for an experiment, a child's hanky, colored pencils.

The three preschoolers enjoyed wearing the hearts so much the following week that they wore them out!

But the use of notes is not always pleasant. A child may find a note at the lunch table, "1¢ for not hanging up pj's. 1¢ for light left on." These fines had been clearly agreed upon at a family council. This method takes a little more time, but makes for a more pleasant form of discipline. The child finding the note will usually grin or chuckle, but always pays up the pennies. Usually they don't need to pay another fine for a good long while.

One Mother's Day I awoke with a note in my hand. It read: "Stay in

bed if you want your present." Soon a tray appeared with breakfast and a note reading: "From all of us." I still have that note.

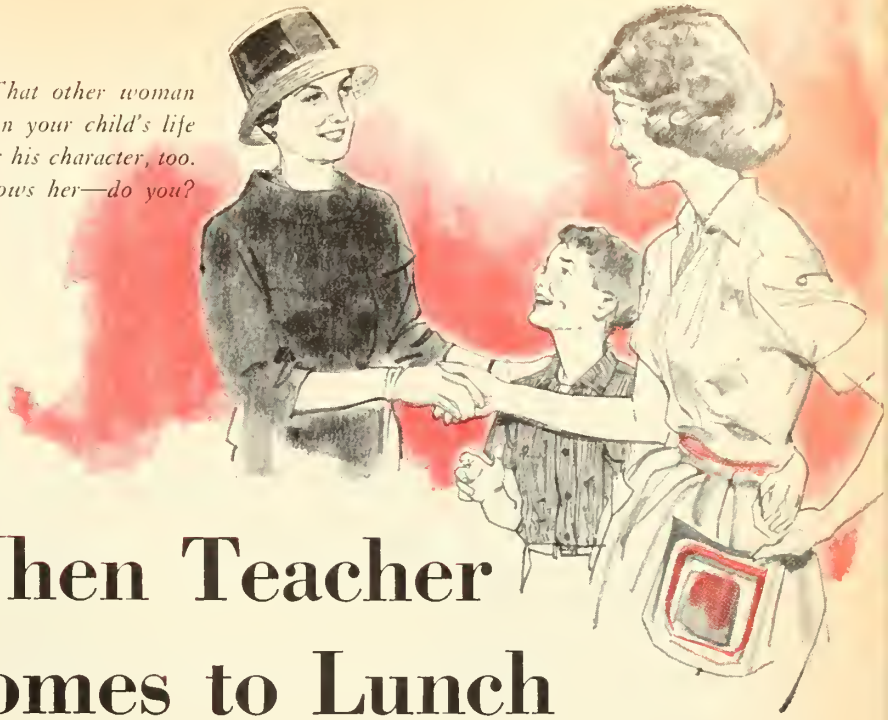
Once my husband managed to turn a nagging situation into a morning chuckle for me. Our television had been on the blink for a week, and he was getting rather upset that I kept forgetting to call the repairman. On this particular morning as I was running the water to do the breakfast dishes I found a note on the counter: "Don't do dishes until you have called the TV repairman!" I laughed so hard I immediately went to the phone to call my close friend and tell her the joke. Attached to the phone I found another note: "Don't call Barbara until you call the repairman!" He had foreseen my actions even before I had decided on them! Need I add, we watched TV that evening?

Particularly for our oldest child, John, special events have much more meaning if pencil and paper are involved. One year when we were having a quiet birthday celebration, we used a treasure hunt for finding his gifts. He was given a sheet of paper with a map showing the way to each gift. Although we spent less than $10 on all the gifts, he still talks about this birthday as being one of the nicest.

JOHN, in turn, enjoys creating his own innovations with pencil and paper. The latest was a valentine which I found stuck on the wall opposite the mirror. The words "I Love You" were printed backward so they could be read in the mirror.

I wonder if the use of notes in our family got its start after I looked in my childhood scrapbook and saw a note I received on my 10th birthday. I can still see it as if I had received it yesterday. It was written on some odd hotel stationery: "Your birthday present is locked up where we cannot get it. A Bike. Love, Mother & Dad." The people who had kept the bike hidden for my parents had gone away for the day without remembering.

Perhaps our children, too, will someday look back on the magic of pencil and paper as being a measure of our love for them.



That other woman in your child's life molds his character, too. He knows her—do you?

When Teacher Comes to Lunch

"HERE SHE IS, Mom! She's coming up the walk!"

An excited third-grader jumps up and down at the window.

"All right, dear. Let's go to the door. You're the man of the house today. You're the host."

As this mother and son welcome their special visitor, they are participating in a delightful practice that over the years has become more and more widespread—that of inviting the teacher to lunch. Although it is rarely mentioned in any parent-teacher handbook, these informal social hours have proved extremely helpful in creating better understanding at home and at school. Besides, it's fun.

The youngster is proud and pleased to see his two favorite women sharing lunch at his home. Granted, he may show this by some measure of unusual behavior—being awed or too talkative, eating ravenously or shunning food, or squirming restlessly instead of sitting quietly. But this is the thrill of the school year for him.

Yet many mothers hesitate to ask their child's teacher home for lunch because "I don't know what I'd talk about" or "I don't want it to look like I'm pushing my child."

Neither of these things, however, is worthy of a second thought. Teachers are people, too, and they enjoy these visits as much as do parents.

Did you ever stop to think that perhaps your guest was a little hesitant about meeting you, too? After all, you expect something of her in helping your youngster grow in mind and character, and she knows it. The responsibility you two share in the child's development should be your first and greatest common bond!

So, Mother, by all means be casual and relaxed. Have a simple meal—perhaps a salad, potato chips, a dessert, and beverage. No dry sandwiches, please; your guest is probably weary of her daily noon-hour sandwich meals.

Count a long 10 when you feel the urge to ask how your child is doing in school, and try to avoid describing the cute things he says and does. Don't ask whether she really likes being a teacher; after all, it's her chosen profession. If you want to discuss other teachers you've known, talk about those you've admired. And say something pleasant about the educational system—or don't say anything at all.

What else to talk about? Well, the teacher herself. Show a genuine interest in her as a person, not just as a pedant. You may find that her husband leaves his clothes lying about just as yours does; that she took piano lessons at the age of eight, too, or that you both hate cooking plain foods but must because of your waistline.

Suddenly, the hour is up—and it seems you've only begun to talk. It hasn't been at all difficult!

—SHIRLEY SMOLER

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT

At the new Clubland, more than 400 of these stones cite generous givers.

WITH the dawn that tragic morning in 1941, the little minister stood weeping in the bombed-out, smoldering ruins of his first Clubland in southeast London. With him, their faces blackened by a night of fire-fighting, were many of the boys and girls whose lives had centered around the destroyed chapel, workshop, gym, and game rooms.

"Wotcha crying for, Jimmy?" one boy asked.

The Rev. J. Butterworth, who is barely five feet tall, swept the ruins with his arm. "Because this is the end," he said.

"The end, me eye," asserted the

BOB HOPE HELPED BUILD

After Bob Hope, after quips and wisecracks, many others came to help rebuild war-torn Clubland.

Clubland: Where youthful energy is being redirected for worthwhile achievement.

boy. "You've got us, ain'tcha?"

Jimmy Butterworth did have his boys, but wartime England was not the England of 1922, the year he started his youth work there. Then, as a young Methodist minister, he had walked into the crowded London tenement section to take over a run-down church. One of the first questions he asked the members was:

"If I started a boy's club in the church, would your kids come?"

The kids did come, a few at first, then more and more. They cleaned out the basement, put in game tables and work benches. By 1939, after almost 20 years of prayer and hard work, London's famed Clubland was a fine quadrangle of

buildings—a shining example of Christian witness to youth in one of the most dismal areas of the city. Then came the nazi bombers.

For another 10 years, Clubland struggled along until finally, in 1951, Mr. Butterworth undertook a fund-raising tour of the United States, leaving England with little money—and no speaking engagements. Things didn't go well.

"By the time I reached California," he says, "I was broke, desperate at the thought of telling them back home that I had failed and the club must close."

But on a chance visit to Paramount studios in Hollywood, he was hailed by a man he did not know.

"Where are you from, little reverend?" asked the famed comedian, Bob Hope.

"I didn't think it funny," says Jimmy, "when Bob Hope said he also came from England but left when he was two because he wasn't getting anywhere! I didn't believe him later when he said he would come to London to do a benefit for us. But he did, and told me to come and pick up the dough from his first two weeks at the Prince of Wales Theater. I did. It was for 12,000 pounds (about $33,600)."

Bob Hope's benefactions soon reached $60,000, more than enough to save Clubland. But that was only the beginning. The great and the near-great, from royalty to the man in the street, have joined Bob Hope in helping build a new Clubland where a run-down Methodist church once stood. In the U.S., the Council of Bishops sent help, and Methodist students overseas have a personal invitation from Jimmy Butterworth to make Clubland's new hostel their headquarters when they are in London.

Popular Princess Alexandra delights the small fry. Her visit came 16 years after her grandmother, Queen Mary—who had a long personal interest in Clubland—inaugurated restoration of the ruins.

"It is better," says Jimmy Butterworth, "to have a club fence at the top of the cliff than to have a prison or reformatory-school ambulance at the bottom of it." His new Clubland—for girls as well as boys—is neither church nor club, but both, with emphasis on the spiritual.

In San Francisco, where he attempts to blend East, West, and Christianity, T. T. Taam commands such wide respect that he often is called . . .

Unofficial Mayor of Chinatown

By T. GEORGE HARRIS

ONE MIGHT compare what Dr. T. T. Taam does in San Francisco's Chinatown with taking science-fiction to Cape Canaveral. He teaches Chinese language, culture, and values—to second and third-generation Chinese-Americans!

As pastor of the Chinese Methodist Church in San Francisco, Calif., Dr. Taam directs a program which reaches out to Chinatown children who are as American as baseball. Instead of drilling them in America's ways, which they already know, the program immerses them in a Chinese culture as pagan as Mandarin poetry. And in counseling young Methodists of Chinese descent, he stresses the virtues of their ancient heritage. Thus the Chinese-Americans may relate Christianity meaningfully to themselves.

Dr. Taam's unusual approach is illustrated by his handling of a problem brought by a young man about to marry. The man's father wanted to celebrate the wedding in the manner of old China, where the bridegroom's father was king of the wedding feast, paid for the celebration, and received the gifts. The Americanized young couple naturally wanted a less expensive celebration, one that would not leave the father penniless and the newlyweds without gifts.

Instead of agreeing with them, Dr. Taam eloquently explained the meaning of the Chinese folkway to the father. "This is his day," Dr. Taam said. "He's saved for it all his life, and he wants to blow the money. Why not let him?"

A Methodist minister with such strong ideas is not likely to be understood by everybody. Once, during an argument, a young man pulled out a pistol and thrust it in Dr. Taam's face. Gazing unperturbed into the muzzle, the minister said: "What a handsome gun! Is it a .38?"

This genial gentleman with a smile for everyone gets his thought across where it matters. In the gaudy heart of Chinatown—the teeming world which inspired the musical comedy, *Flower Drum Song*—he has long been known as the "beloved T.T." Restaurant owners delight in serving him his favorite dishes (among them roast pigeon and plain chop suey), and children flock to him in the crowded streets. Men and women, the old and the young, feel free to ask his advice. Nearly any day he can be found untangling someone's worry about his immigration status.

T.T. would rather be called "Reverend Taam" than "Doctor Taam," but he does not stint on his scholarship. Half the books in his crowded study are Chinese classics, including the *Tripitaka* (the Buddhist sacred scriptures).

HIS sermons are drawn from his 58 years of uncommon experience, focused through the critical mind of a scholar. His is a simple, lofty view of culture and its relation to Christianity. "There should be no American culture, no Eupropean culture, and no Chinese culture," he says. "But there must be a Christian culture that encompasses all."

Dr. Taam's basic idea, while applicable to much of the church's work in the world today, has its most direct impact on immigrant families. People should not become totally Americanized, he feels. By learning the best of their own cultural heritage and taking pride in it, he believes, the descendants of immigrants make better Americans and stronger Christians.

He teaches his concept with a well-seasoned sense of mission. That mission first took shape in China during the early years of this century, when Christian churches faced the challenge of the Orient. Though the communist takeover on the mainland drove out missionaries and destroyed much of what they had built, T.T. today still is actively preparing for the day when Protestantism again will address itself to 800 million Chinese. He continues to study and work, his career a record of patient preparation for an opportunity that must not be lost, he feels, even if it does not come within his lifetime.

Born October 16, 1904, the son of a conservative and learned family in Canton, he was given the name Tso Tin, which means "ancestral fields." Like any patriotic Chinese boy, he felt humiliated at the weakness of his country's ancient culture in its clash with the West's vital science and religion. Through his study of Chinese history, he was "quite opposed to the exploitation by the white man." His resentment of foreign domination was heightened by the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, in which 231 foreigners, including missionaries, and several hundred Chinese Christians were slain. In retaliation, eight nations, including the United States, sent troops into China and seized the capital of Peking.

So, at age 14, T.T. acquiesced reluctantly when an uncle, an herb doctor who had migrated to Los

Angeles, insisted that the family send the boy to Pui Ching Academy, a Baptist mission school in Canton. "I argued with my classmates," he recalls, "and I studied the Bible only in order to refute it."

But the earnest, angry teen-ager gradually sensed in the Bible a compelling truth that he had not found in China's Buddhism and Confucianism. He grasped the concept of a personal God, and the glory of Christ's sacrifice. "Through Jesus Christ," he says, "a person can obtain the power of the infinite."

Thus T.T. found himself on the way to conversion. It was a painful decision. When he was baptized at 17, his family banished him, as he knew they would. The Baptist mission, where he sometimes taught Bible to laborers, lent him money to finish high school. Then his uncle provided money for passage to the United States.

SETTLING in Los Angeles, T.T. entered the University of Southern California and did menial work in restaurants to pay his tuition and to support himself. His plan was clear: to prepare for Christian mission work back in his native China.

California was not then a friendly place for Chinese, and T.T. found his faith tested by many a bigot. Barbershops refused to cut his hair —and lost forever a customer whom many would welcome today. Even the Young Men's Christian Association, where he went to take swimming lessons, turned the young "Chinaman" away.

Somewhat dispirited, he transferred in 1928 to Chicago's Lewis Institute (later incorporated in the Illinois Institute of Technology), and again he paid his tuition by waiting tables in chop suey restaurants. But life brightened when he started attending Chinatown's Congregational Church. Before long he found himself leading the young people's group and soon he wed the pastor's daughter, Martha Leong.

The couple started a new life in their new world. They named their first son Martin, combining Martha's name with Tso Tin. Feeling that they had thus paid homage to Martin Luther, they balanced things by naming their second son

Known on sight by most residents of Chinatown, Dr. Taam (right) is greeted by a friend during a stroll through the heart of the community. Except for the Chinese signs, this could be any American city—even to the distinctly non-Oriental horseplay!

Calvin. They never got to a Wesley. At 30, Martin, a graduate of the Methodist-related University of the Pacific, is in charge of computers at Philco Electronics; Calvin, now 26, will graduate soon from the University of California dental school. The Taams have four grandchildren.

EVEN while starting his family, however, T.T. continued his preparation for missionary work. He moved back west to enter the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Calif. Although he had to interrupt his studies several times to support his family—once he set up a wholesale vegetable business—he earned an M.A. in 1934 and a B.D. in 1935. (He was honored with a D.D. in 1955.) By 1937 he at last felt prepared to go back home to train young ministers at Canton's Union Theological Seminary.

There he found Chinese culture coming apart at the seams even faster than before. His own broad education, which ranged from labor economics and psychology to philosophy and Christian education, told him that the Chinese preachers, to be effective in the crisis, had to analyze China's profound changes in terms of Christian ethics. He set up a course of study to fill this need and joyfully taught it. But too late. Already the Japanese armies, exploiting China's Confucian confusion, were moving toward Canton.

Just 24 days before the Japanese captured Canton, T.T. and Martha sailed back to San Francisco to take charge of the Chinese Methodist Church. By then—baptized a Baptist, ordained a Congregational minister, and called to a Methodist church—Dr. Taam had become a walking specimen of ecumenicity. "I've got three tickets to heaven," he says with a smile. "I'll try them all on St. Peter."

He studied sociology to be better prepared if he ever again had a chance to serve in China. But as pastor and scholar, he soon realized that his ghetto-bound congregation needed a total ministry as urgently as did the young preachers back in Canton. So he threw himself into every part of Chinatown's community life. He directed the Victory Bond campaign in World War II, headed up the Direct China Relief for six years, and became a leader in Chinatown's rapid conversion from a blighted area into an urban renewal section. He rose to president of Six Companies, Chinatown's *de facto* government which is mysterious to outsiders. He became known as "unofficial mayor of Chinatown."

Although no longer head of Six Companies, T.T. today is chairman of the San Francisco mayor's Committee for Improvement of Chinatown. He makes occasional trips back to the Orient for CARE and the Rice for Hong Kong Children drive. When such relief organizations lack funds to pay his way, T.T. earns his fare by conducting a group of tourists.

Such labors, however, always have been an extension of his ministry, not the center of it. For 25 years, his main work has been his busy church, a pagoda-topped tan building on Stockton Street. There Dr. Taam each Sunday preaches a sermon in Cantonese and in English to reach all members of each family, from the elders who speak only Chinese to the youngsters whose native tongue is English. He varies the message enough to reward the bilingual. The high point of each service is the classical Chinese translation of the Lord's Prayer. With every sentence four words of poetry, it carries beauty even without translation.

San Francisco's Chinese Methodist Church, like others, has money difficulties. Dr. Taam shares the Methodist desire to integrate all churches, but in Chinatown—where only 8 percent of 32,000 residents are Christians—he knows that through the ethnic church he reaches many souls who otherwise would go unchurched.

Chinese Methodist Church's most unusual service is conducted not on Sunday mornings, but on weekday afternoons. Then it turns into a famous school called Hip Wo (roughly translated, "co-operating harmoniously together"). Founded in 1924 and directed by the Taams since 1939, Hip Wo teaches Chinese language and culture in a Christian context [see the pictorial, *Hip Wo*, September, 1959, page 37].

HIP WO'S 12 teachers work with nearly 400 pupils in grades one through nine. Any weekday afternoon, we can see them scamper eagerly out of public schools and swarm to Chinese Methodist, where they learn of an older world. In the Bible course, Dr. Taam himself explains the Christian culture that comprehends both East and West.

T.T. lightly suggests that his pupils at least learn to order at a Chinese restaurant. But underlying the whole program is his conviction that his adopted country's richness comes not from superficial uniformity among men but from a deeper unity under God. That kind of unity, he believes, must again have a chance in China.

This is where the whole patient drama of Dr. Taam's life comes into play. Among each year's Hip Wo graduates, T.T. sees young persons who may carry on the mission work that someday must be done again on the Chinese mainland.

"They can be true disciples of Christ, leaders equipped to translate what they learn from America to China," T.T. declares with deep hope. "Someday, when political smoke clears away, China will still be the frontier for the church."

The Children's Donation

Up the church aisle with dancing feet
And careful hands they go.
Cans and boxes, each in white,
With red-ribbon bow.

Germany, Italy, Japan . . .
Where the parcel ends
Is the least of their concern.
These are gifts for friends.

Some sheep-herd of the Navaho,
Sad-eyed Korean lad,
Or little maid of Arab blood
Will eat these, and be glad.

That is all they know of it,
All they ask to know.
Up the aisle with dancing feet
And shining eyes they go.

—RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

Where roads are few, modern missionaries blaze sky trails to reach the church's outposts in the wilderness.

Liberia: Uncle Sam's Special Friend in Africa

"AFRICA HAS seen many rulers, some benign, some tyrannous; it has been courted in many tongues, subjected to many laws, encouraged or misled by many promises. But of all the promises that have reached this questioned continent from the outside world, none has been more persistent, more sincere, more charged with the certainty of future fulfillment than that of the Christian doctrine enunciated and exemplified by a long succession of faithful servants."

These are the words of G. A. Padmore, former Liberian ambassador to the United States, who—well aware of Africa's pride, promise, richness, and ominous portent for the future—spoke of the continent in general, but his own land in particular. For at a time when racism and emerging nationalism feed the flames of strife and bloodshed, Liberia remains Africa's open door, not only to Christianity but to democracy. "The love of freedom brought us here," say the Liberi-

Liberian women use the fibers of homegrown cotton to weave colorful fabrics called country cloth.

An Open Door to Christianit

Looking ahead: They are among 80,000 Liberians in an educational program shared by the church, government, and industry.

Modern magic: Jungle witch doctors cannot equal the wizardry which produces voices and music from a tiny box.

Liberians honor Melville B. Cox, U.S. Methodism's first overseas missionary. He arrived in Liberia in 1833, but died there only a few months later.

Man of affairs: The chief not only is headman of his tribe but also may serve as provincial delegate to the legislature.

...and Democracy

ans, whose ancestors were former slaves from America. "We must move ahead or we die—and that goes for all Africa."

Although hardly a dot on the vast land mass of the world's second largest continent, Liberia shares both the curse and the benediction of Africa. This is the land of the leopard, cobra, elephant, and tsetse fly, of immense resources in iron ore, timber, rubber, and diamonds. Only the black man may hold citizenship and own property in Liberia where, for 116 years, revolution and civil war have been unknown. But the first Afro-American settlers had their troubles. They met with some hostility from indigenous Africans, notably the Kru tribes. But by 1837 their efforts to form a commonwealth were successful. A constitution modeled after that of the United States was set up, and soon Liberia was recognized by Great Britain and other world powers. The U.S. withheld recognition until 1862, but gave support to Liberia's sovereignty. English is the official language.

The little republic is just above the equator on Africa's vast westward bulge into the Atlantic. It is hot and humid; tropical fruits and vegetation flourish there, yet thousands lack a protein-rich diet, and tropical diseases are rife.

In 1832, Liberia became the first African mission of the former Methodist Episcopal Church—in fact, it was the first foreign mission established anywhere by the church. The early Methodist effort was concentrated mainly on the coast, and this work—along with that of other churches—has left a deep impression on the country and its people. As a result, Liberia has been a Christian nation since its founding.

Jungle skills, which fashioned this precarious bridge across a stream, now are rapidly giving way to 20th-century know-how.

Illness and Illiteracy Still Are Major Foes, But Progress Has Been Great

LIBERIA, first settled by freed slaves in 1822, became a republic in 1847 and patterned its constitution after that of the United States. The Stars and Stripes served as a model for Liberia's flag, and its capital, Monrovia, was named for President James Monroe. Liberia entered two World Wars on America's side. Yet for long periods, the United States seemed to be a distant and disinterested observer, while European colonial powers gobbled up nearby territory.

Since the inauguration of William V. S. Tubman as president in 1944, Liberia has enjoyed phenomenal progress in trade and education. Mr. Tubman, the son of a Methodist minister and descendant of Georgia slaves, was educated in the mission schools. It is said that he can continue as president as long as he lives, should he desire to do so. So popular is his administration that he was re-elected to a fifth term in 1963. During his administration, school enrollment has increased from 19,000 to 80,000. Today, Liberia has 900 elementary schools, 22 high schools, and three schools of college level. Of these, 159 elementary schools, 11 high schools and two colleges are operated by foreign mission boards. Eleven elementary schools were built and are operated by the Liberian (Methodist) Annual Conference.

Despite this progress, only 5 percent of Liberia's estimated 2.5 million population can read and write. The aborigines hidden in the dense tropical forests of Liberia's rolling interior still speak many languages; some still cling to centuries-old animistic beliefs. In a land of few roads, great wealth exists side by side with tribalism and forbidding poverty and disease. Yet Monrovia, the capital, is a modern coastal city with a fine harbor and a population of nearly 80,000. From the standpoint of deadweight tonnage, Liberia's tanker fleet is one of the world's largest, having a capacity of 10,636,000 tons, as compared with 10,789,000 for the British Commonwealth, and 7,933,000 for the U.S.

Liberia's astute lawyer-preacher-president, Wi
"We represent a nation—not a race,

From the beginning, Methodist missionaries have placed great emphasis on medicine and agriculture, as well as on education and religious teaching. The church is co-operating with the government in its widespread literacy campaign in the back country. And while a complete census of Liberia's population has not yet been completed, it is known that many thousands of tribespeople still live in thatched huts in jungle clearings where drums speak a mysterious language and witch doctors—not all of them the forbidding characters portrayed in fiction—still practice their ancient arts.

A missionary literacy team at work in the interior, where more than 20 dialects—out of some 800 indigenous to Africa—are spoken by various tribal groups.

V. S. Tubman (seated, center), with his cabinet. ir answer to Communists and other agitators.

Frontier forces march past the Monrovia Methodist Church, built in 1837. Beyond it is Methodism's College of West Africa where many of Liberia's leaders were educated.

Like many of Methodism's 83 Liberian ministers, the man below may spend weeks walking from village to village to cover his bush-country circuit.

Rub-a-dub-dub: With few exceptions, the Liberian tribespeople are clean. Daily, often twice-daily, baths are the rule, both for adults and for infants.

At Ganta, an important crossroads town 188 miles inland, outpatients wait for treatment at a Methodist dispensary. Clinical work is self-supporting.

Boyish play-power is easily converted to work-power when there is mud to be mixed for a new building project in the village.

Liberia's Vast Resources Assure a Bright Future

YEAR AFTER year, new wealth pours out of Liberia's titanic mountains of iron ore, her millions of rubber trees, her great cocoa and banana plantations. Roads and railroads reach out, slowly but surely, through the pathless jungles of the interior. Since 1937, Liberia's exports and imports have zoomed from $4 million to $153 million a year, and the thatched hut is yielding to concrete and brick in villages where the palaver houses of old stand beside new churches and modern-design schools. It is becoming possible for more and more Liberians, educated in the schools, to take roles of leadership as the nation's economy expands.

Since 1956, Liberian Methodists have been moving in the direction of self-reliance, program expansion, and increased self-support. The Liberian Annual Conference, through the leadership of President Tubman—an ardent Methodist layman—has raised locally more than half a million dollars. Much of this money has been invested in long-range programs of education, ministerial leadership, and church development. Not only is this intended to combat illiteracy, it has long been President Tubman's conviction that only education which is designed within the general framework of the Christian philosophy can best serve the people.

Iron mountain: The Bomi Hills, northwest of Monrovia, yield 3 million tons of ore annually. This sheer cliff is 68 percent pure ore, and another vast deposit on the northern border makes Liberia one of the world's richest sources.

On weekdays he is one of thousands who tap latex from millions of trees on Firestone's vast rubber plantation. Sundays may find him singing in a church choir (opposite).

Ganta's Methodist Mission provides a brick-and-tile yard where Liberians are trained to produce materials for buildings much more permanent than any palm-thatched hut in the jungle.

Until recent years, Liberia had no beef and dairy cattle. Insects and climate saw to that. Now strains crossed with the Brahman (left) are proving resistant to both heat and tropical disease.

'Mother Africa's Children Also Are God's...'

TROPICAL FEVER claimed the life of Methodism's first missionary to Liberia, Melville B. Cox, only a few months after he arrived 132 years ago. Modern medicine has reduced, but not wiped out, the dangers he faced. And the call to Liberian shores still excites missionaries today.

"If we can produce men and women of Christian character," says President Tubman, "there will be no question about the future of Liberia."

Today, Liberia has 208 Methodist churches and preaching places with 19,843 members, presided over by American-born Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr. Ten of the country's 11 district superintendents and all its Methodist ministers are Liberians. Schools, hospitals, hostels, agricultural stations, and a leprosy colony are being operated by the Division of World Missions and the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

A noteworthy contribution in the field of medicine for all Africa was that of the world-famed Dr. George W. Harley and his wife, Winifred, at Ganta. TOGETHER readers will remember their story as told in the December, 1959, issue [page 21]. The heroic couple retired in 1960 after long service to Methodism's belief that "Mother Africa's children also are God's children." The Harleys have returned to the United States, but the work they did at Ganta—so much a part of their lives—is carried on by others today.

Liberia's war against disease, poverty, and ignorance will not be won on a soccer field—but in attire and attitude these men show the increasing influence of Western culture.

KNOW YOUR CHURCH

NO. 6 *in a Series*

The priest and the Levite passed him by, but another stopped to aid him. Good Samaritanism remains basic to . . .

THE CHURCH AS HELPER AND HEALER

By HERMAN B. TEETER

A BISHOP and district superintendent sit down together to discuss the possibilities inherent in a valuable piece of real estate—a mansion, with acres of landscaped grounds—willed to the conference.

Although this coincides with long-range plans to establish a retirement home, the question arises: Should the conference proceed with the plans or consider other possibilities? These, and other questions, must be answered in a hurry.

Soon a phone rings in the Board of Hospitals and Homes at Evanston, Ill., a thousand miles away.

"We are wondering if a retirement home is the thing for us to do," the district superintendent tells Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the board. "Some members of our conference board seem to think the community's greater need is for the chronically ill or the indigent aged. We want to talk to someone who knows about such things."

"We have such a man," Dr. Oeschger assures him.

"We'll want a list of men qualified to head up the institution."

"We have a list on file here."

"We want to know if our building will have to be remodeled to meet the standards for a Methodist institution."

"Our man will bring a consulting architect."

So it goes, for giving help and expert advice is a major function of the Board of Hospitals and Homes of The Methodist Church. Within a few days Harold K. Wright, director of institutional services, will be on the scene, along with a consulting architect. Mr. Wright, senior member of the board's field staff, will draw on his experience as a former Methodist hospital administrator and many years as a consultant in services to older persons. He will study location, resources, and community needs. His recommendations may range from fire prevention measures to widening of hallways and the building of ramps.

Today there are 263 institutions and homes affiliated with the Board of Hospitals and Homes (8 new ones were established last year), making The Methodist Church the leader among Protestant denominations in the healing and helping field. Hospitals range in size from small community institutions to such giants as Chicago's Wesley Memorial (655 beds), and the 868-bed Methodist Hospital of Indiana at Indianapolis. These church-affiliated institutions report a total of 41,554 hospital beds, and in-

Something new: In Gaithersburg, Md., residents of one of Methodism's 132 retirement homes are greeted after taking their first helicopter hop.

clude 132 homes for older persons and 49 agencies for children. They ministered to 1,687,881 persons in 1963, an increase of 132,768 over the previous year.

Most rapid growth is in the field of retirement homes. With the nation's attention increasingly focused upon our 18 million persons over 65, The Methodist Church is expanding its program and bringing new ideas into the field.

"This segment of our population is increasing at a net rate of over 1,000 per day, or approximately 400,000 a year," Dr. Oeschger explains. "Many persons in this age group now in mental hospitals could be cared for better in quality nursing homes or other sheltered-care facilities more suited to their needs. Along with the rise in the number of Methodist retirement homes, we are glad to note an increasing interest in nursing homes."

Mr. Wright, the board's expert in this field, recognizes that the concerns of older persons may be quite different from those of the troubled child or an adult hospitalized by illness. Old people fear insecurity, loneliness, ill health, and death. To alleviate these fears, the board promotes a program designed to maintain personal dignity, independence with security, and fellowship with others the same age.

Yet, it must be understood, the board does *not* build hospitals and homes, nor does it finance them. Rather, it acts as a standard-setting and advisory agency. It maintains a field staff of experts in nursing, hospital administration, child welfare, and care for the elderly. It works with Methodist leaders at all levels to expand existing services and to develop new ones.

Healing and helping has been a Methodist tradition since 1748 when Founder John Wesley converted the Old Foundery in London to care "for nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children; two upper servants, a maid and a man." The Foundery also housed a dispensary for the distribution of medicine to the poor, one of his great concerns [see this month's cover]. Wesley took his charter and sanction from the New Testament and Christ's own ministry of healing and helping the sick and needy.

With reunification in 1939, The Methodist Church embarked on a stepped-up program. The Board of Hospitals and Homes was organized to "have an advisory relationship to Methodist philanthropic interests and institutions, such as hospitals, homes for the aged, homes for children, and homes for youth, located in the United States, its territories, and dependencies." The board was empowered to "make surveys, disseminate information, suggest plans for securing funds . . . provide architectural data, and render assistance, other than financial assistance, in the promotion and establishment of new institutions." Last year its budget was $185,000, less than $150,000 of which came from World Service funds [see *Where Your Church Money Goes*, December, 1963, page 43].

Planning a hospital, for example, involves a great deal more than a conference's decision to build, according to J. Earl Debord, specialist in hospital services. Studies must appraise existing health facilities and resources in doctors, nurses, and technicians. Location must be considered from many angles. Is the site easily accessible by car, on foot, or by bus? Is the site flat, sloping, rocky, wooded; are the surroundings free of heavy traffic and industrial fumes? What about the view? The sun exposure? Is there an acre of ground for every 25 beds, if the hospital is small—or an acre for every 100 beds, if the institution is to be a large one?

Once a hospital is established, other problems may involve the Board of Hospitals and Homes. After the recent resignation of a hospital administrator, one of the hospital's trustees made a special trip to Evanston. Besides needing a qualified man to replace the administrator, he said, the hospital faced an extensive building program and wanted its school of nursing raised to full accreditation.

The board recommended a qualified man, and its staff worked with him during the first few months of his tenure, surveying the hospital's needs and making recommendations. Miss Henrietta E. Davis, the board's director of nursing, studied the school of nursing and then instituted procedures and made rec-

RETIREMENT HOMES:

A Growing Ministry

LONG a leader in providing care for the sick and the homeless, The Methodist Church recently has stressed the development of retirement homes for the growing older segment of our population. Now numbering 132, these institutions are among 263 related to the Board of Hospitals and Homes and located on the map at right. More information on the retirement homes, all of which are listed below, may be obtained from the board at 1200 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Fair Haven-Methodist Home for the Aging.

ARIZONA

Phoenix—Desert Crest.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith—Methodist Nursing Home.

CALIFORNIA

Alhambra—Thoburn Terrace.*
Chula Vista—Fredericka Manor.
Claremont—Claremont Manor.
La Jolla—Casa de Manana; La Jolla Hospital for Convalescents; La Jolla Sanitarium.
Los Angeles—Kingsley Manor; Sparr Hospital and Home.
Oakland—Beulah Homes, Inc.*; Lake Park.
Pacific Grove—Forest Hill Manor.
Pasadena—Robincroft Rest Home and Robincroft-Thoburn Infirmary.*
San Diego—Wesley Palms.

COLORADO

Boulder—Frasier Meadows Manor.

CONNECTICUT

Danbury—The Methodist Home.
West Haven—Methodist Church Home.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—The Methodist Country House.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Methodist Home.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville—Wesley Manor.
Miami—Biscayne Methodist Home.
St. Petersburg—Sunny Shores Villas.

GEORGIA

Americus—Magnolia Manor.
Atlanta—Wesley Woods.

HAWAII

Honolulu—Pohai Nani.

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Bethany Home and Hospital; Methodist Old People's Home.
Evanston—The Georgian.
Lawrenceville—The Methodist Home.
Pontiac—Evenglow Lodge.
Quincy—Methodist Sunset Home.
Rockford—Wesley Willows.

INDIANA

Frankfort—Wesley Manor.
Franklin—Methodist Home for Aged.
Indianapolis—(still unnamed).
Warren—Methodist Memorial Home for Aged.

IOWA

Atlantic—Heritage House.
Cedar Rapids—Meth-Wick Manor.
Des Moines—Wesley Acres.
Fort Dodge—Friendship Haven, Inc.
Storm Lake—Methodist Manor.
Washington—Halcyon House.

KANSAS

Topeka—Methodist Home for the Aged.

KENTUCKY

Franklin—Lewis Memorial Methodist Home.
Louisville—Wesley Manor.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—LaFon Old Folks' Home.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—N. M. Carroll Home for Aged; Home for the Aged.
Gaithersburg—Asbury Methodist Home.

MASSACHUSETTS

Concord—Home for Aged Methodist Women.
Magnolia—Shore Cliff Home.

MICHIGAN

Chelsea—Chelsea Methodist Home.
Detroit—Boulevard Temple Methodist Home.
Grand Rapids—M. J. Clark Memorial Home.

MINNESOTA

Fairmont—Southwest Minnesota Methodist Home for Older Persons.
Minneapolis—Walker Methodist Home.
Winona—Paul Watkins Memorial Methodist Home.

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi—Seashore Manor.
Tupelo—(still unnamed).

MISSOURI

Marionville—Ozarks Methodist Manor.

MONTANA

Bozeman—Hillcrest Homes.

NEBRASKA

Benkelman—The Sarah Ann Hester Memorial Home.
Blair—Crowell Memorial Home.
Holdredge—Methodist Memorial Homes, Inc.

NEW JERSEY

Collingswood—Methodist Home.
Branchville—Methodist Manor.
Ocean City—Methodist Home for Aged.
Ocean Grove—Bancroft-Taylor Rest Home and Infirmary*; Methodist Home for Aged.

NEW MEXICO

Carlsbad—Landsun Homes, Inc.

NEW YORK

Binghamton—Elizabeth Church Manor.
Brooklyn—Bethany Home for Aged; Brooklyn Methodist Episcopal Church Home.
Buffalo—Niagara Frontier Methodist Home.
Herkimer—Folts Home.
New York City—Methodist Church Home.
Ossining—Bethel Methodist Home.
Rochester—The Rochester Methodist Home.
Williamsville—Blocher Homes.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Brooks-Howell Home and Infirmary.*
Charlotte—Methodist Home for the Aged, Inc.
Durham—Methodist Retirement Homes, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA

Mandan—North Dakota Methodist Homes.

OHIO

Cincinnati—Bethesda Home for Aged; Methodist Home on College Hill.
Elyria—Elyria Methodist Home.
Lodi—Ainsworth Lodge.
Sylvania—Crestview of Ohio, Inc.

OKLAHOMA

Alva—(still unnamed).
Clinton—(still unnamed).
Enid—Methodist Home of Enid, Inc.
Tulsa—Oklahoma Methodist Home for the Aged, Inc.

OREGON

Medford—Rogue Valley Manor.
Portland—Rose Villa; Willamette View Manor.
Salem—The Methodist Home.*

PENNSYLVANIA

Cornwall—Methodist Church Home.
Harrisburg—(still unnamed).
Meadville—Methodist Home for Aged of Erie Conference.
Narrowsburg—Murray-Tufts-Garrett Manor.
Philadelphia—Methodist Home for Aged.
Pittsburgh—Methodist Hospital and Home for Aged.
Scranton—The Methodist Home.
Tyrone—Methodist Home for Aged.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Orangeburg—Methodist Home for the Aging.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Mitchell—Welsey Acres.
Watertown—Jenkins Methodist Home, Inc.

TENNESSEE

Maryville—Asbury Acres.
Nashville—McKendree Manor.

TEXAS

Bryan—Crestview—A Community for Senior Citizens.
Dallas—C. C. Young Memorial Home.
Galveston—Moody House.
Georgetown—Wesleyan Homes, Inc.
Hereford—Kings Manor.
Houston—Heritage House.
Kerrville—Hill Top Village.
LaPorte—(still unnamed).
Lockhart—Golden Age Home.
San Antonio—Morningside Manor, Inc.
Weslaco—Wesley Manor.

VIRGINIA

Alexandria—Hermitage in Northern Virginia.
Norfolk—(still unnamed).
Richmond—Hermitage Methodist Homes of Virginia, Inc.

WASHINGTON

Des Moines—Wesley Gardens; Wesley Terrace.
Seattle—Bayview Manor.
Spokane—Rockwood Manor.

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield—Methodist Home.

WISCONSIN

Richland Center—Schmitt Methodist Home.
Sparta—Morrow Memorial Home.
West Allis—Methodist Manor, Inc.

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* *Sponsored by the Woman's Division of Christian Service, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y.*—Eds.

Charles L. Calkins, general secretary of the Board of Pensions, is a minister, as his successor is likely to be. In the background is the new Methodist building at Evanston, Ill., which the board helped to build. It also houses other boards and agencies of The Methodist Church.

How We Care for Our 'Worn Out' Preachers

When old age comes, our ministers no longer face the economic uncertainties of retirement.

AS SOON as payday rolls around at Everybody's Methodist Church, the Rev. John J. Jones mails a check to the General Board of Pensions at Evanston, Ill. He does, that is, if he is one of a growing number of ministers under the church's Ministers Reserve Pension Fund.

The amount (3 percent of the average salary in Mr. Jones' conference) is credited to his Ministers Reserve Pension Fund account. At the end of the year, Mr. Jones' conference adds to his account with a check for 9 percent of the average annual salary.

While in the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund, this money draws compound interest, adding to assets which the Board of Pensions reported last year at $100,951,813.

If Mr. Jones serves 35 years in the ministry, retires at 65, and if his average salary has been $5,000, he can expect to receive around $176 a month, plus Social Security if he also has paid into that program.

Pensions for retired ministers are nothing new in The Methodist Church—in fact, Methodist pension plans anticipated most others by a century or more.

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ommendations which brought the school to full accreditation. (Nearly 90 percent of Methodism's 47 schools of nursing now are fully accredited.)

During the past decade or two, one innovation after another has appeared in institutions and homes affiliated with the board. Now widely known is the board's rapidly changing program to meet the needs of some 4,000 youngsters in Methodism's 49 children's agencies.

Highlighting this is a recent call from the administrator of a children's home in the South. He saw the need for a comprehensive training program for houseparents to serve the 110 youngsters cared for by his institution.

"Ten years ago," he told the board, "this agency had a few real orphans, a large percentage of 'economic' orphans (whose parents lacked resources for proper care), and a few from broken homes. Today, we have no real orphans, and public welfare is serving the parents of economic orphans. But we have many from broken homes, plus more children who are unable to live with their families because of emotional problems. More children need group care and special treatment because they are showing patterns of predelinquency."

Social workers have seen this trend develop since World War II, ascribing it partly to the increasing deterioration of family ties and morals. Special problems bring the need for special training, particularly for houseparents who have the responsibility of building character in their young charges and fostering the feeling of belonging in a home environment.

To meet these needs, the board's director of child welfare, Miss Lena Martin, conducts training sessions at the various children's agencies. From her work with agency staff members as well as administrators has come a drastic revision of procedures—and new hope for the unfortunate child.

"No normal child should live in an institution," says the Rev. D. C. Taggart, the board's director of cultivation, who joined the field staff after serving as administrator of Methodist Youthville, a children's agency at Newton, Kans. "A child should have a home. He should be part of a family. If he is normal, we will attempt to reconstruct the family, to help the parents become better parents.

"If a child is not adoptable, we often try to place him in a foster home. If not that, we may establish a home group of, say, six children living together with a houseparent who provides love and guidance."

Mr. Taggart works with chairmen

From the beginning, there has been the desire—if not always the where-with-all—to care for the aged, disabled, or "worn out" preachers. The last term traces back to the early days of American Methodism, when traveling ministers literally wore themselves out in a few years. Between 1792 and 1796, for example, at least 106 preachers left the ministry, many "because they saw nothing before them for their wives and children, . . . but misery and ruin."

Today, the General Board of Pensions, created by the General Conference and directed to have "the general supervision and administration of the support of conference claimants," carries on this work with a staff of 60 (plus the latest electronic tabulating and record-keeping equipment) in the new Methodist building at 1200 Davis Street, Evanston, Ill. While disbursing some $8 million a year in pension funds, the board also acts as a clearinghouse, collecting records and correlating year by year the service data upon which a retired minister's pension fund ultimately is computed. There is a comprehensive card for every minister, active or retired, whether he comes under the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund or is in a conference still under the older program.

Not only does the board act as paying agent for the conferences, it offers special programs which enable ministers to deposit additional savings, obtain additional death benefits, and to buy comprehensive insurance coverage for medical and hospital expenses. Several reserve pension programs are offered to special groups—to lay employees, to Methodist ministers under special appointment for whom no other pension program is available, to chaplains, and to staff personnel in the general boards of the church. The board also assists annual conferences, boards, agencies, and local churches in administration of their programs.

"Since the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund was established in 1932, 59 conferences have brought themselves in some degree under the plan," says the Rev. Charles L. Calkins, general secretary of the board. "In nonreserve systems, no money is set aside ahead of time to meet pension obligations. In the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund, however, corresponding reserves are set aside as each obligation is created. A constant inflow of funds* has enabled the board to take advantage of many investment opportunities that otherwise would not be available. In fact, from 40 to 50 percent or more of the benefit provided to a retired member of the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund may be derived from the earnings invested in the program during a minister's active years of service."

With millions to invest on a long-term basis, the board is in daily contact with a leading investment counsel, which in turn advises the board in advance of all investment recommendations and all decisions of the investment committee (composed of Methodist lay experts in banking and finance).

A minister's pension claim is based on a number of factors, such as the amount of money he and his conference have paid into his account, his years of service in other conferences, the interest he receives on the money paid into his account, and the actuarial figure gained from life expectancy tables.

While The Methodist Church no longer "wears out" its preachers in the uncharted wilderness, it feels no less the obligation the founders felt to provide a minister with support after his labors are over.

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* *One yearly source of new funds is the profits from The Methodist Publishing House, which this year will distribute $700,000 to the various annual conferences.*—Eds.

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of conference boards of Hospitals and Homes. He also seeks to recruit some of the 5,000 new people needed each year to staff these agencies.

The Board of Hospitals and Homes, while operating on a budget of only 1.1 percent of the general benevolences of the church, finds its needs increasing in pace with population trends, the higher cost of living, and the steady growth in size and numbers of institutions with which it is affiliated.

Looking into the future—5, 10, 25 years—shows continued expansion and entry into new phases of Good Samaritanism. Although Methodist leaders foresee the establishment of a federal agency to deal with problems of the retarded child, for example, they anticipate a mounting call for the church to help meet the needs of such children. They also feel more should be done to help the chronically ill, the unmarried mother, and the disturbed child.

"We are working toward the day," Dr. Oeschger says, "when we will have a clinically trained chaplain in every Methodist hospital. Most hospitals have chaplaincy service, but as yet only about half have men who are clinically trained. Further, we believe, there should be the equivalent of one new 100-bed nursing home facility in each Methodist conference to serve older persons."

Board-affiliated projects scheduled for the near future will cost more than $141 million, though the helping and healing program of the church already is on a vast scale. Assets stand at $700 million, and operating costs in 1963 reached $230 million.

Behind these statistics are people in need: nearly 2 million of them every year. "We must not forget," says Dr. Oeschger, "that these hearts are open to help, kindness, to Christian witness, and to the expression of Christian love in a time of crisis."

"The Board of Hospitals and Homes, he adds, "will continue to place emphasis upon the person and his individual worth. We will continue to minister to the physical, psychological, emotional, and spiritual needs of the whole man."

Methodist leaders, while striving to attain the highest scientific standards in 263 homes and institutions, recognize an all-important plus element that the church-affiliated hospital can provide best of all.

"That plus element," Dr. Oeschger explains, "is Christ, the Great Physician. He walks the halls, he heals the wounded, he brings comfort to those in pain, and he speaks peace to the troubled heart."

Recognizing the pastor's increasing role as counselor, Indiana Methodism has set up both counseling centers and training programs.

'Neither Do I Condemn Thee'

By ROBERT L. GILDEA

Among the scores of Hoosier pastors with new counseling skills: The Rev. Charles Ellinwood.

NOT LONG AGO a well-groomed, slightly graying woman sat across the desk from an Indianapolis minister. She fingered a mink stole nervously and fidgeted in her chair.

"Dr. Smith, I'm afraid I don't love my husband any more," she began. "I want a divorce, but my attorney suggested I talk to you first."

She went on to explain that her husband was a busy corporation executive whose work frequently kept him away from home at night.

"He's a good provider," she said, continuing to stroke the mink. "The children and I never lack money. We have a nice home and two cars. But my husband is so locked to his job that he never seems to have time for us."

She stood up, walked to the window, and stared outside, with her back to the room.

"My doctor tells me I've been drinking too much. He tells me to relax and stay off the bottle. But he doesn't really understand the situation. He is a very close friend of my husband. How can I talk to him?"

Finally, in a choked voice, she said, "I've reached the point where I've been going out with other men when my husband is away."

Turning suddenly, she shouted, "It makes me feel like a woman again to have someone show some affection. But I know it isn't right. That's why I want out!"

A generation or two ago, some ministers might have pontificated on her sin. But times have changed!

The minister in this true story was a counselor at the Indianapolis Pastoral Care and Counseling Center—one of eight such centers operated by The Methodist Church in Indiana. He knew he had to handle the situation with compassion and understanding—and he did. The tension eventually was resolved. After more than 20 counseling sessions—many of them joint sessions with both husband and wife—communication and an understanding of problems was achieved.

The husband, who had been completely unaware that his long hours were part of the problem, was made to see that he must do more to make a marriage than merely pay the bills.

The wife, on the other hand, became more sympathetic to the problems faced by businessmen in a competitive world.

It would be exaggeration to claim that all problems brought to the Indiana counseling centers end as happily as this one. Still, the steadily growing counseling emphasis in the Hoosier State is perhaps the cardinal example of a relatively new influence in American religious circles—the infusion of psychology and its companion, psychiatry.

The average minister today is likely to indulge as much in the writings of Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung, the fathers of modern psychology, as those of theologians Dr. Karl Barth and Dr. Paul Tillich.

There is even a perceptible change in the language of the pulpit. While ministers still talk about compassion, revelation, and love, they also are beginning to use terms like empathy, insight, and relationship therapy. "Yield not to temptation" is used concurrently with "Suppress that subconscious drive."

While some may deny that the change is good, most everyone agrees it is here. Further, it is receiving strong encouragement.

For example, the American Medical Association recently announced its sponsorship of a national program of co-operation between doctors and ministers. National foundations are making huge grants to further research into the religious aspects of mental and physical health.

In 1958, and again in 1962, the Methodist National Conference on Family Life urged Methodist annual conferences to study the Indiana program and consider launching similar projects. At least one section has heeded the call; the Ohio Area is beginning its own area-wide pastoral-counseling program this year. Others have indicated strong interest.

What accounts for this sudden

unity of religion and psychiatry? At the ideological level, it might be described as co-operation based on the mutual discovery of psychiatry and religion that neither has all the answers to human problems.

Ministers have long since learned that simple exhortations for people to "be good" do not stop mental and emotional breakdowns. They have found it increasingly difficult to reconcile authoritarianism with Jesus' attitude toward the adulteress: "Neither do I condemn thee." Similarly, psychiatrists acknowledge their frustration in dealing with spiritual problems. Psychiatry, as one scholar says, cannot offer forgiveness for real sin.

At another level, the co-operation stems from the simple demands of time. With the increasing complexity of modern life, professional counselors have become swamped with clients. And more and more people also are taking their troubles to ministers. One estimate is that more than 90 percent of marital counseling in America now is done by ministers.

Further, Dr. Robert Felix of the American Medical Association says 40 percent of *all* counseling is now done by ministers.

Most men of the cloth have found, however, that their theological education has not adequately prepared them for such a burden. Hence, they have been reaching out for help from professionals.

The Indiana program, which no longer can be tagged experimental because it is five years old, is emerging as the model of co-operation between the two professions.

Conceived by Bishop Richard C. Raines, Indiana's project began with two objectives: (1) to train ministers to be more effective counselors, and (2) to establish a statewide network of counseling centers in close co-operation with professionals.

Bishop Raines chose an energetic Lynn, Mass., pastor and holder of a Ph.D. in psychology, the Rev. James E. Doty, to head the pioneering venture. Under Dr. Doty's leadership, both objectives have been met.

Scores of Methodist ministers in Indiana now receive special training each year—at workshops, six-week clinics at various hospitals, and special courses at universities.

Also, the goal of having counseling services within 50 miles of every Hoosier was realized with the opening of centers at Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Muncie, Gary, Evansville, New Albany, Anderson, and South Bend.

Clinically trained ministers serve as counselors on a volunteer basis, each man working about four to six hours a week at the center. More complex cases are referred to professional consultants who are co-operating with the program.

Why do people come to the counseling centers? What kind of problems do they bring? Dr. Doty answers the first question this way:

"Nearly 85 percent of the people who come to our centers are there because they feel guilty about something. A few come for information, but the vast majority comes because they have guilt about their marriage, interpersonal relationships, failures, anxieties, sexual needs, and their family relationships. The church—and each of our centers is housed in a centrally located church—stands in the community as a physical symbol of forgiveness. Those feeling guilty come seeking forgiveness."

Marital difficulty is the most common problem. Last year, counselors at the Indianapolis center devoted 381 counseling hours in 66 different cases. Thirty-nine of those cases centered around marital problems. The same pattern is repeated across the state at the other centers.

Counselors often must remind people that it takes two to make a marriage. Frequently there is the temptation to blame only the other partner for marital collapse, and in these situations the counselors must be brutally frank.

One 50-year-old woman came to a center to complain that her husband no longer seemed interested in her. Their children were married, leaving only the two of them at home. But every evening the husband came home from work, buried himself in a newspaper, then either watched television until bedtime or went out to be with unmarried pals.

The counselor began to ask many searching questions, and the wife slowly realized she was a part of

At Indianapolis Methodist Hospital, many Hoosier ministers have received additional training in counseling and pastoral care through a varied program that includes full internships.

the problem. She had failed to make herself interesting and attractive to her husband. In counseling sessions, she admitted one of the reasons for the lack of conversation was that she really had nothing interesting to discuss.

The woman eventually conceded, too, that she had been careless about her housework, which irritated her husband, and that she nearly always refused his suggestions about going out for dinner or for a movie.

Several months later, when the woman was scheduled to have her monthly appointment, she called in to say there was no need. She and her husband had "found themselves" again, and she said taking more of the counselor's time would be unfair to people with "real" problems.

Unfortunately, not every case has such a happy ending. Dr. Doty, who is a member of both the Academy of Religion and Mental Health and the American Psychological Association, says:

"Pastoral counseling is not the panacea for all the needs of people. It can be an answer, but it is not *the* answer. Worship, group dynamics, involvement in outside activities, small Bible-study groups, all these play a part. Still others are beyond counseling help and hospitalization is required."

Nevertheless, pastoral counseling has a significant role. Professionals are the first to say it. Dr. Harriet E. O'Shea, Purdue University psychologist and counselor, says, "We need the help of pastors in counseling. In addition to pastors being closer to people than we are, there just aren't enough professional counselors to go around."

Dr. Donald F. Moore, Indianapolis psychiatrist and medical director of LaRue Carter Hospital, agrees. He says:

"With the growing awareness that the number of minor mental illnesses or emotional disturbances is legion and that early grass-roots advice and counseling by one's own personal minister may prevent more serious complications, it behooves psychiatrists to join hands with ministers in an all-out community effort to eliminate, reduce, or prevent mental illness."

But beyond the need to simply be helpful, pastors are coming to see counseling as perhaps the most meaningful way to follow Jesus' demand to "love one another as I have loved you."

In this they could be taking their cue from Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who has written, "I am commonly thought of as a preacher, but I should not put preaching central in my ministry. Personal counseling has been central. My preaching at its best has been personal counseling on a group scale."

When the skill of science and the concern of religion are merged, the result is a new sense of mission. People become much more than mere statistics or guinea pigs, more than broken puzzles to be reassembled for amusement or self-satisfaction. They become real people with real needs.

But many people seem reluctant to take their problems to a pastoral counselor, perhaps as a result of fear that they will be stygmatized as "sick" or "mentally unbalanced."

For those who do have problems, Dr. Doty offers these suggestions:

1. Seeking the aid of a pastoral counselor is proof of wisdom, not weakness. The truly weak person rejects the resources available to help him, often allowing a situation to develop beyond any hope of solution.

2. Regular conversations with a pastoral counselor will help most people, if they are willing to try.

3. People need not fear that their difficulty will be bandied about in gossip. Every interview is strictly confidential.

4. Others may seek to stand in judgment and condemn, but not the pastoral counselor. He accepts each person as he is.

5. People need not be nervous about the religious setting in which the interview occurs. Prayer is a vital element in pastoral counseling. Seeking divine help is natural and desirable because it is God's prerogative, not man's, to forgive and make men whole.

Not long ago, a drug addict came to the Fort Wayne Center for help. A minister-counselor saw she was very ill. He called Dr. Richard Juergens, a medical practitioner who serves as a consultant for the center.

Within an hour, the woman was admitted as a hospital patient. In the next few days several counselors and consultants had an opportunity to see the patient and the seriousness of her addiction.

Later, when the counselors and consultants met to discuss the month's case histories, the woman's problem was described in detail. One of the consultants remarked that her case sounded hopeless.

Dr. Juergens replied, "If we believe in the ethic of Jesus Christ, how can we say that anyone is hopeless?"

In Indiana, at least, they're saying it less and less!

Counseling workshops feature such well-known men in the field as Dr. O. Hobart Mowrer, speaking here. Beside him is Dr. James Doty, who began and still heads the Indiana Area's counseling program.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

Teens Together

by RICHMOND BARBOUR

ARE you abiding by your new-year resolutions? Remember the list you made only a short time ago? I hope you have lived up to it. But if you haven't, you are not unusual I once studied teen-agers' new-year resolutions. Nearly all of them were shattered by the end of the first week of January!

If you have broken your resolutions, then what? Should you decide that you are weak, and that your effort was hopeless? Of course not. You still can improve yourself in 1964, the way you had hoped. Here are three suggestions to help you:

1. *Tackle your resolutions one at a time.* You cannot suddenly become an entirely new person, but you can overcome one bad habit if you work at it. Go over your list of broken resolutions. Pick the most important one and concentrate on it.

2. *Launch wholeheartedly into your new way of life.* Ask your friends to help you. Tell your parents, so that they will understand and see that you are not tempted. Make living up to the resolution the most important thing in your life.

3. *Never let a single exception occur.* Even one slip will weaken you. After a time, the desire to do the thing you are avoiding will weaken. In a matter of weeks you will win the struggle.

Then take the second most important resolution on the list, and repeat the above steps. This way you can win. Good luck!

Q&A

I'm a girl, a high-school junior. My best friend dresses in sloppy ways. She never keeps her hair in shape, she clops down the hall like a horse, and she has miserable taste. Her family is wealthy and could afford to get her anything she needs. How can I help her to improve?—F.W. Is there a "good-grooming committee" in the girls' league at your high school? If not, suggest that one be organized. Where they exist, the committee brings in experts to talk about good grooming and manners at meetings. Sometimes it sponsors inexpensive charm-school courses. Often the girls themselves put on successful fashion shows. Probably your girl friend would resent any effort you would make to change her, but she might accept ideas from such a committee and its activities.

Q&A

I am 17. My best girl friend has a brother of 18 who just went into the Marine Corps. We discovered each other a few days before he left. For three days, we had lots of fun together. I expected him to write to me, but he hasn't. I get shaky inside and cry at the thought of losing him. His sister tells me to write to him. Should I?—J.P. If he is taking his basic Marine training, he is very busy and very tired. He may not have time to write. Perhaps you should not send him a long letter to begin with. You might get a humorous card and mail it to him. Also, have his sister suggest in one of her letters that he write to you as soon as he can. Then you could continue the correspondence.

Q&A

I'm a boy, 13, and haven't got a real friend in the world. I've tried to make friends, but other kids just don't like me. I took a girl to a movie. She let me pay her way, but wouldn't sit beside me. Am I doomed?—R.J. No, you are not doomed. I suggest that you: (1) Try to dress the way the outstanding boys dress. Be neat. (2) Take an inventory of your talents. Find out what things you do especially well. Do you draw well, for example? Or, can you play the piano? Are you a good swimmer? A runner? Work hard to exploit your talent so you will be admired by other pupils. (3) Be friendly. Talk about things your companions are interested in. Ask them questions about themselves. Always smile and say "Hi" when you meet them. (4) Join organizations where you will be accepted. The Methodist Youth Fellowship is a good example. Volunteer for committee work. Take part in the activities. You'll begin to have fun with the others.

Q&A

I am a high-school senior. My parents make me come home from dates at 10 p.m. They approve of the

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

Can we call Jesus God? Of course, but it is hardly accurate to reverse it and say that God is Jesus. Note that, in John 14:9, Jesus is not quoted as saying, "Anyone who has seen me has seen God." The statement is: "He who has seen me has seen the Father."

What we see in Jesus is not God's relationship to beings on Mars (if there are any) or to sunspots and cosmic radiation, which he created. What we see is God's relationship with man.

In Jesus, we do not see God's omnipotence, or his omnipresence, or his omniscience, or any of his other qualities as the Creator and Sustainer of the universe, but only his qualities as the Father of all men here and now.

How does the church differ from the Kingdom? Jesus had a two-sided teaching, revealing a two-pronged belief: in the Father who is love and in the kingdom of God which is righteousness. The church is a company committed to both beliefs.

That church cannot delegate responsibility to political parties and institutions for its part in the struggle for righteousness. The nature of the kingdom demands an ethic for political life, and the role of the church in interpreting that ethic is inescapable. The church cannot duck this God-given responsibility.

There is a kingdom of evil, with all men bound together in bearing the yoke of evil and suffering. The kingdom of God stands opposed, for as Carlyle Marney says in *The Recovery of the Person*, "The kingdom of God is the social incarnation of God—though it is more."

Is 'reverend' correct for a minister? Traditionally, the word "reverend" is an adjective which, properly, never ventures out into grammatically correct society unaccompanied by a noun. Calling a minister "reverend" is like addressing a postman as "Dependable Smith" or a businessman as "Honest Jones." (Lincoln was dubbed "Honest Abe," but never simply "Honest.")

Nevertheless, usage determines the validity of words, and the practice of giving preachers the title "reverend" has become so common that one dictionary now lists it as a noun.

Bishop Nall, leader of the Minnesota Area, hopes he answers questions many—not a few—people are asking. He seeks your help in determining points being raised in today's church-group discussions. Write him at 305 West Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

boy I go with and the members of our crowd. They are aware that other parents let their daughters stay out till midnight on Saturday dates. Why are they so cruel to me?—S.B. They are not cruel. They are trying to protect you. Probably they have read about the troubles some teen-agers get into late at night and are afraid for you. Have them talk again with the parents of your friends. Perhaps the latter can convince them that a ten o'clock curfew on Saturday night is early for a high-school senior.

Q.

I am a boy in the 12th grade. Next year I'll go to college. My mother died three years ago. Two years ago my father married a widow who had three sons. I fight with my stepbrothers all the time. I try to be fair, but they gang up on me. My father has been unable to help me. Should I run away?—L.W. No, do not run away. Talk with your father some more. Ask if there are relatives, or responsible family friends, you could live with this year. If you find you cannot move, grit your teeth and endure it. Do your best to avoid the fights. As you say, you will go to college next year. Then, these troubles will be behind you.

Q.

I am 17 and went steady with a boy for two years. We broke up by mutual agreement. Now he is dating the wrong kind of girl. She has a terrible reputation. I know he'll get hurt. I tried to tell him he should go with someone else. He told me to mind my own business. Isn't there some way I could show him his mistake?—N.D. I am sorry, but I know of none. The boy is sure to resent any further effort on your part to influence him. He will have to learn his own lessons in his own way.

Q.

I am 17 and have been going with a nice girl a year younger. One night we were weak, and now she is going to have a baby. She says she doesn't want to marry me. Instead, she plans to run away and have the baby some place else. I'm afraid she might do something awful. How can I help her? —E.D. I am sorry for the mistake which the two of you made. However, I am glad you are willing to face your

responsibility. Many other boys who have found themselves in your situation have shirked theirs. You must go to your parents and to hers, so they can help her. Careful planning will be needed, starting immediately. Then she will not be likely to do anything desperate.

Q&A

I am 13. My father died several years ago. My mother married another man, and I hate him. Instead of scolding me when I do something wrong, as my own father used to do, he whips me with a big belt. He leaves bruises which last two weeks or more. Sometimes the buckle cuts my skin so it bleeds. My mother says she cannot help me. Please, Dr. Barbour, can you help me? I need protection.—R.W. Look in the phone book or call information for the county probation office. Make an appointment. Then tell the person who interviews you exactly what is happening. Show her your bruises and scars. She can see that steps are taken to protect you.

Q&A

Is it a sin to use hair spray? I'm 17. My girl friend has complained a lot because she couldn't use hair spray. I bought her some to keep in her locker at school. Her father heard about it and bawled me out, saying that no daughter of his would use the sinful stuff. Do you agree with him, Dr. Barbour?—R.G. Many people feel that makeup, permanent waves, hair spray, nail polish, and other beauty aids are sinful. I respect their feeling, but I disagree with them. However, doctors have told me that hair spray can become a health problem if inhaled frequently, or if it gets into the ears or eyes. They say it should be used sparingly and cautiously.

Q&A

I want to spend my life helping mixed-up teen-agers. I am a senior in a large high school. Most of the kids get along well, but a few are in trouble constantly. It is their own fault, but they don't see it. What preparation would be needed to be a counselor for teen-agers?—S.B. There are two courses. One would be to go to a school of social work after you get your AB degree from college. You could become a caseworker in a probation office or some other organization working with troubled teen-agers. The other would be to become a teacher, then take graduate work to qualify as a school counselor. Generally speaking, the pay of counselors is better than that of the caseworkers. Counseling troubled teen-agers requires special preparation. Many untrained people have tried such counseling and have succeeded only in making matters worse for the girls and boys they intended to help.

Q&A

I am a boy of 18. I have my own sports car and have driven it in several competitions. When my girl's father found I had received tickets for speeding and reckless driving, he made her stop riding in my car. What's wrong with the old guy? He ought to know I'm not going to have an accident. —L.W. If you look up the accident record, you'll learn that boys in their teens average at least twice as many crashes as other drivers. The high insurance rates for your group reflect the same picture. Those who drive recklessly are the most likely to crack up. You should drive carefully and not exceed the legal speed limits. Many parents refuse to let their daughters ride in cars driven by boys who have received tickets.

Q&A

I'm a boy, 15. I do well at school and at church, but at home I fight with my two brothers, I argue with my mother. My sister bothers me beyond words. Is something wrong with our family that we should quarrel so much? What can I do to stop it?—D.J. All brothers and sisters quarrel to some extent. They are born rivals. Many teen-agers rebel against their parents' rules. The arguments diminish in the late teens. Occasional family conferences help reduce the quarrels, giving each member a chance to air grievances without anger, and letting each suggest solutions. Talk with your mother about having family conferences.

Q&A

I was reared in another Protestant church. A year ago I left it to become a Methodist. My parents have never forgiven me. They think I'm a lost soul. Dr. Barbour, don't you think a boy of 18 is old enough to make his own religious decisions?—A.P. I believe that you are. Parents should rear their children in the churches which they themselves attend. However, as the children approach maturity, they begin to think for themselves. The time comes when every young person must make his own private religious decision.

Q&A

I'm a girl, 13. My friends all have curves, but I'm almost as flat as a board. The boys won't even look at me. My mother is well built. Do you suppose I could buy some gland medicine so I would start developing? Or should I wear falsies?—A.M. Don't try to buy "gland medicine." Talk with your mother about her rate of development. You may find she was slow to develop, too. If she should think there is any possibility of glandular imbalance, she should take you to a good medical doctor. Better not wear falsies. You probably would be teased a lot and feel even worse. You are still quite young, and there is plenty of time for nature to change your contours.

Q&A

I am a girl, 18. I graduated from high school last June and attended business college. I intend to go to San Francisco soon to look for a job. I want to live alone in a big city and be independent. My parents have tried to stop me. They think I'm too young. Why are they this way?—S.C. Because they love you and want to protect you. A good many girls your age do go to big cities and wind up in trouble. See if you can get a job near your home. You might take an apartment for awhile and see what it's like living alone. Wait a year or two before you try your plan. When you do go to San Francisco, try to live either at the Methodist Residence Hall or at the Young Women's Christian Association. You will find the right friends there.

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Mixed up? Puzzled? *Then turn to Dr. Barbour for help. He'll be glad to answer questions and suggest ways to help you. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Names remain confidential.*—EDS

Louisville's Trinity Towers...

Skyscraper

THEY MIGHT have given up and moved from the heart of the city, as other churches have done. Instead, members of Trinity Temple Methodist Church in Louisville, Ky., decided to maintain a building downtown, where they felt it was most needed.

It was in 1958 that the 600 members, all Sunday commuters to the business-barricaded church, confronted their problem: the old building needed $100,000 in repairs, and that kind of money was not available. What to do? Under the guidance of the late Bishop W. T. Watkins, a bold idea took shape. Why not provide income property to help pay the cost of building a new downtown church? The result, Trinity Towers, is a combination church, apartment building, and community center that opened in late 1962.

In five "tempest-tossed years," as the church's minister, the Rev. Paul Shepherd, calls them, the congregation brainstormed, planned, then built its skyscraper. They first considered an office building, but a survey showed Louisville did not need one. Then they hit upon the idea of providing quality housing for older people, who would bring stability to the hub of the city and also benefit from the convenience and excitement of downtown living.

Though the concept was highly unusual, the Federal Housing Authority backed a 40-year loan of $2,575,000.

Instead of moving from the inner city, Trinity Temple Methodist Church leveled its old building and built this combination church and apartment building in Louisville.

The rooftop patio is a cheerful resting place for residents Dorothy Kirchhubel and Margaret Anderson. Nearby is the glass-walled chapel in the sky, where weddings and other services often are held.

Church

The old church was razed, and in its place rose a 196-foot building topped by a 20-foot cross. At street level are the sanctuary and meeting rooms; on the roof, a glass-walled chapel. The 14 floors between have 72 one-bedroom apartments and 146 efficiencies that rent from $94 to $132 a month.

But Trinity Towers is conceived as something more, and the community-service program may one day be most significant of all. A conference-wide counseling and education program on alcoholism is conducted by the Rev. Roscoe Tarter from a Trinity Towers office. An interdenominational counseling center is proposed. And the church wants to open its fellowship hall at noontime to young adults who work downtown. Other ideas include work with juvenile delinquents, the mentally retarded, and the underprivileged.

Other high-rise apartments nearby, started since Trinity Towers, testify to the vision of a congregation that, nevertheless, still has problems. Apartment rentals, which started slowly even though they were opened to younger people, finally have topped the financial break-even point. The major concern now is the community-service program.

But hard-driving Mr. Shepherd says, with conviction: "The potential is there. . . . The range of programs we hope someday to tackle is staggering."

Before a window saved from the old church, the Rev. Paul Shepherd serves Communion in the new sanctuary. He arrived at Trinity in time to guide the building program.

Clarence Lewis, semiretired after many years with a public utility company, now works part-time in the men's wear section of a store just seconds away from his Trinity Towers apartment.

When the workday is over, there's no rush to a commuter train, no crowded bus, no strain from a long drive home. Mr. Lewis steps across the street and joins his wife in relaxation before dinner.

Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School lessons

William M. James
New York, N.Y.

Allen H. L. Randolph
Nashville, Tenn.

Negail R. Riley
Little Rock, Ark.

FEBRUARY 2

> *Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life.*—John 4:14

SOME TIME ago our congregation went on an outing to a beautiful garden. Beyond the garden was a mountain, in the middle of which was a beautiful waterfall. A child asked me, "Where does the water come from?" I tried to explain about the springs and an underground stream, but realized this answer was not adequate. The explanation was much more complicated. So many of us attempt to answer for the sources of our substances of life with superficiality and casualness. We think we have the answers.

The woman whom Jesus met at the well was typical of ourselves. She saw only what could be beheld by a casual look through her own eyes. She was able to see only the physical resources in life. The physical was the beginning and end of all.

Jesus also saw the physical and discussed it adequately. But beyond this, and controlling this, he saw the spiritual forces at work. Jesus saw God as the eternal foundation which is the source of power behind life.

The woman's spiritual sight had been dulled by her preoccupation with sensual pleasures. She thought of the self, she thought of the group nearest to her. In a traditional manner, she let the relation to the self and the group blot out the true insight for life.

Jesus did not counter with argument, but with affirmations. His basic objective was to change her way of seeing things by changing her. After every one of her arguments he threw her back on eternal resources:

THE WOMAN: "This is our father Jacob's well. Jews have no dealings with Samaritans."

JESUS: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and that I am from him, you would ask him for living water. A water that is stable and gives lasting satisfaction."

THE WOMAN: "Are you so much greater than Jacob that you can get water without anything with which to draw?"

JESUS: "You speak of physical water, while I speak of water as a symbol of God's supply of love or grace which gives life stability."

THE WOMAN: "Give me of that water."

Here he discerns that the woman's life is all confused and she must be willing for a change before she will be aware of the source of the living water. The Woman shifts now to what she feels to be a more religious question: "Where shall we worship?"

JESUS: "It is not a question of where but whom shall we worship and how shall we worship Him."

Jesus goes to the heart of the matter. He is always reminding us of the original source and the fundamental purpose in life. We raise the same questions as the woman, and He gives us answers that fit our basic needs.

Prayer: O God, help us to see life anew as it flows from thee. Save us from the short and narrow look and give us insight to glimpse eternity in order that our lives may be whole. In the name of him who pointed us to the fountain of living water, we pray. Amen.

—WILLIAM M. JAMES

FEBRUARY 9

> *"We cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard."*—Acts 4:20

THE SCENES recorded in this section of Acts are among the most fascinating of Christian history. With them belong such episodes as Polycarp's heroic testimony before his accusers at Smyrna and Luther's fearless stand before the Diet of Worms.

The true Christian of every age has felt himself obliged to obey God rather than man, even though the consequence of such action be dire. The high priestly group appears here as an altogether despicable lot.

Not only are they blind to new truth and new evidence because of their prejudice, their disbelief in the fact of the Resurrection, but they are jealous of the disciples' success with the multitudes. Their arrogance could abide no such insult as that brought by Peter, when he charged that they had despised and repudiated him, whom God delighted to honor, that they in fact were fighting against God.

It is amazing how men can stand in the presence of God's saving truth, even dramatized in actual life, and remain unchanged. This, of course, happens every day.

Arthur R. Howard, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.

Before the priestly group stand the untutored Peter and John. While they are not disrespectful to human authority, they are fully aware of its proper limits. Not only are they being tried for a good deed, beneficial to mankind, but they are being asked to refrain from offering to men God's saving power in Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah of the Jews. There are some matters in which the soul is amenable to God alone.

Peter's courage and ability impress us quite as much as they did the Sanhedrin, though in a formal sense Peter was uneducated; in another sense, he had the best education of his day. He had spent months in the presence of truth of the highest sort, revealed in the words and deeds of the world's greatest Teacher. Furthermore, he possessed the spirit of truth within.

Prayer: Father, help us in these days when it seems so impossible for the leaders of the church to speak out against the race issue, the liquor traffic, and the many evils that are making our Christian faith meaningless. Renew our faith that we may have the experience of a changed life, a life that will make us unafraid to obey God rather than man. Amen.

—ALLEN H. L. RANDOLPH

FEBRUARY 16

And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. —Luke 5:31-32.

ARE WE usually shocked when derelicts, prostitutes, delinquents, and syndicate mobsters are mentioned as the sinners of our age who are called by Jesus to repentance? Why should we be shocked if we believe the above passage? Are there others who could also be included? Are they, too, whom Jesus came to call to repentance?

May we include a person who appears to be morally responsible and yet who remains speechless in the face of world crises? What about the sophisticated suburbanite who lives economically and socially exclusive?

Is it a righteous church which fails to cultivate communication between various denominations? What about the church which fails to provide the image of excellence, the prophetic influence, the spiritually motivated rather than the money-motivated institution?

Here on every count is the picture of man in his dilemma of sin and shame. So sweeping is this sickness until Jesus' answer raises the questions, as it certainly did to the scribes and Pharisees: "Who is righteous? Who is whole?"

The answer rang throughout his ministry: "There is no whole person under God. There is no righteous person under God. God is righteous and only God is righteous."

How else can Paul's words be interpreted? ". . . not having a righteousness of my own, based on law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness from God that depends on faith." (Philippians 3:9.)

Jesus came to call *all* men to repentance!

Prayer: Eternal Father, show us our sin, direct us to thee with repentant hearts, that thy kingdom may come in spirit and in truth, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—NEGAIL R. RILEY

A Prayer

to Make Your Own

Speak, Lord,
for thy servant heareth.
Grant us ears to hear,
Eyes to see,
Wills to obey,
Hearts to love;
Then declare what thou wilt,
Reveal what thou wilt,
Command what thou wilt,
Demand what thou wilt.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
English poet (1830-1894)

FEBRUARY 23

In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence.—Ephesians 1:7-8 (KJV)

ONE OF the oldest and most primitive of all urges is self-preservation. God in his infinite wisdom created man just a little lower than the angels and crowned him with glory and honor. It therefore follows as night the day that more was expected of man than any of the other creatures of the earth.

We began life in close fellowship with God, and all around us was peace and joy. If only this could have lasted throughout eternity! But man sinned and fell from grace.

Time and time again God sought to redeem him. He threatened, cajoled, condemned, destroyed all—in vain. But God never gave up. His perseverance and his redemptive Spirit kept calling us back, kept looking for us until he found us.

A small boy labored long hours building a model plane, which was later stolen. Every day the boy looked anxiously for the toy. Finally he found it in a side street junk store. When he sought to redeem it and was told the price, he bargained with the owner to keep it until he returned.

Bubbling over with joy, the boy went home and told his father he had found his plane. His father offered to buy it for him, but the son refused. Instead he sought odd jobs, earning money with which to buy his plane. Soon he had the sum needed; he rushed to the store, redeemed his plane, ran home, went to the attic and there he stayed.

Night came, and when he did not appear for dinner, his family sought anxiously for him. He was found hiding behind packing barrels, clasping the plane to his breast, and saying over and over, "I made you, I lost you, I found you, I bought you, you are mine."

God made us, he loved us, he lost us, he found us. He bought us with the precious blood of Jesus, and we are his through this redemptive blood.

Prayer: O love that will not let us go; may we find eternal rest in thee. Amen.

—ARTHUR R. HOWARD, JR.

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

I SAT before my television set the other night looking at a Western. This is the entertainment I choose when I have an hour to relax. I skip the programs that are supposed to be uplifting and intellectual, and turn eagerly to struggles on the range between the good guys and the bad guys. Nothing in the program demands any mental effort, and the very sameness of the plot comforts my spirit.

I enjoy the clichés that mark these rural dramas. The fellow who never amounted to much says to the girl, "You are the only good thing I have ever known in my life." His wagon train surrounded by Indians, the wagon master says, "It is going to be a long night." So it goes on and, believe me, it is better than an aspirin.

But clichés in more serious places not only fail to comfort me but raise my blood pressure. The philosopher's long and involved sentences which, when finally interpreted, mean little or nothing, bore me. The theologian's preference for "ground of being" for the simple word *God* seems ridiculous. The inability to write one paragraph without using the word "existential" finally gets very irritating. The educator's jargon that is as dry as a mummy—and contains about as much life—can spoil my day.

But in some ways, the worst of all are the psychologists. When I was a student, I began reading their books, and I have been reading them off and on for more than 30 years. It is about the same old stuff, and when they start talking about "case studies," I have the feeling that I have been here before.

They come up with amazing conclusions: this boy who killed his mother really did not hate her. On the contrary, he hated his father, but the only way he could get even with his father was to kill his mother. He was just mixed up and really meant no harm.

I am weary of analyzing, of couches, and of solving all our moral and spiritual problems by merely stating them in a pseudoscientific lingo.

Nearly every discipline finally falls into the trap of its own vocabulary. What we need is the fresh wind of wonder and experience to blow through these dusty caverns. How wonderful are words when they are alive and not embalmed. How great is that insight of the Fourth Gospel which tells us that the Word became flesh. How alive is the language of the Bible after all these centuries.

A modern book that will open your eyes to the mystery and marvel of language is **Charles Ferguson's SAY IT WITH WORDS** (***Knopf*, $3.50**). It is not a novel, but is much more exciting than most of them. Still, I suppose it is time to turn to fiction. While this opening tirade has not done much for you, it has relieved my tensions, as the psychologists say.

Only rarely do I pick up a book I never heard of and find it a delight. I recommend to you **THIS COMPANY OF MEN, by William Pearson** (***St Martin's*, $5.95**), which is such a book. Indeed, I am so enthusiastic that I am almost afraid to describe it for fear that you will accuse me of losing my perspective. I could hardly put it down and I think it is one of the most satisfactory novels I have seen for many a day.

It has to do with executives in a telephone company. It has all the plots and counterplots of men seeking to rise high and stay in their exalted positions. One man who has never made it has adjusted himself to his failure, but he finds satisfaction in keeping a diary of what goes on. He describes what kind of men these are. He is the unofficial historian of the corporation, doing his work on company time. If you read the *New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" you will remember "Our Man Stanley" who appears from time to time. Well, this character writes in that same terse, abbreviated style.

The whole book, however, is not his writing which is interspersed between the loves, the hates, the tragedies, the triumphs, of these modern American corporation men.

For the sheltered readers, I must tell you that they sin now and again. But there is no tendency in the story to use sex to attract readers as we use honey to catch flies. If I were the author, I would want to sue the designer of the jacket. But if you can get by that and the rather prosaic title, you are in for some fine evenings.

A strange little book came to my desk quite a long time ago, and I am just now bringing it to your attention: **THE PRISON LIFE OF HARRIS FILMORE, by Jack Richardson** (***New York Graphic Society*, $3.95**).

Filmore, a banker, was convicted of mishandling funds. He finds to his surprise that prison life is the kind he had always desired. Free from his wife, he discovers it is a relief to be separated from a selfish woman. He is glad to be out from under the responsibilities of banking. He finds friends in the prison as well as some enemies, just as in the outside world. His duties are pleasant and demand no strain or worry. His only problem is that his sentence will run out, and he will have to leave the prison. I will leave you to find out how he works the solution to this problem.

Perhaps this is not so farfetched as it seems, for it may well be that many men prefer imprisonment to freedom. The Germans seemed to prefer Hitler over responsibility and the existentialists claim that men are doomed to freedom. It is an interesting point, and I found this book thought provoking. And anything that will provoke a thought is to be appreciated.

CONTRAST

I saw God in the snowstorm,
A grand and awesome sight;
I marveled at His power,
His majesty, and might.

Then I looked at just one snowflake,
And I could understand
What tender care and patience
Are in His gentle hand.

—*Dorothy Hoener*

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

SHORTLY after U.S. Senator **Maurine B. Neuberger** took the floor of the Senate to plead for the enactment of national public-health measures to curb what a leading scientist has called the "cigarette epidemic," she found a curious change taking place in her life.

Friends, colleagues, even near-strangers would spontaneously launch into grim accounts of their own struggle with the smoking habit, and she became, quite against her will, confidante, counselor, and confessor to many in the smoking populace of the nation's capital. She even began to suspect she would end her days a social pariah when the wife of a cabinet member confided that her presence at a party was good for her husband —he always smoked less when she was around. Senator Neuberger is in for even more attention now, for she has written a book.

Smoke Screen: Tobacco and the Public Welfare (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is a well-documented examination of the controversial facts about cigarette smoking, written in informal and readable style.

It cites the now-famous study by Drs. E. Cuyler Hammond and Daniel Horn of the American Cancer Society indicating the death rate of regular cigarette smokers is 68 percent higher than that of nonsmokers, and quotes Dr. Horn as saying that his best guess is that "there would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 300,000 to 500,000 fewer deaths per year [in America] if it were not for smoking."

It exposes the tobacco industry's efforts to combat the views of the researchers. It faces how hard it is to quit smoking. It reports the Russian government's concern, which has grown into a vigorous smoking education campaign utilizing television, posters, and all conventional teaching materials. Nor, says Senator Neuberger, have responsible Russian officials been hesitant to take a public stand on smoking.

Senator Neuberger commends the integrity and tenacity of the U.S. Air Force surgeon general for barring free distribution of cigarettes in Air Force hospitals or in flight lunches for Air Force personnel. "His action was a lonely one," she comments. "It was taken, so far as I can tell, with no visible political support."

If the senator could have her way in Congress, she would introduce legislation directing the Administration to conduct smoking education, to control cigarette labeling and advertising, and to carry on research into the causes of cancer and the development of safer cigarettes. She would have the federal cigarette tax increased to provide funds for these purposes. In addition, she believes the cigarette tax structure should be based on the weight of the tobacco in the cigarette rather than its length. And, she recommends, cigarette tax reform should be coupled with a program of mandatory maximum controls on permissible tar, nicotine, and phenol yields.

With The Methodist Church's attitudes toward smoking due to be discussed when General Conference opens in Pittsburgh, Pa., next month Senator Neuberger's book has special pertinence for Methodists.

One of the most powerful movies of the '50s was *On the Waterfront*, which told the story of union problems of Brooklyn longshoremen. It was a good scenario, but I think an even better one could have been built about the work of Episcopal priest Albert Edward Saunders.

I have just been reading about him in ***Chaplain on the Waterfront*** (Seabury, $3.50), by Van MacNair, Jr. To Sunday churchgoers, it may come as a shock that all the Brooklyn priest's followers do not show up in his church on Sunday morning, but the day-in and day-out contact Father Saunders has with his longshoremen as he shares their lives, befriends them, and stands up for them is a quality needed in the inner city, where new means of witness are necessary if Christ's church is going to relate to its people.

In *The Quiet Crisis* (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5), U.S. Interior Secretary **Stewart L. Udall** calls on Americans to meet a need that is not as spectacular but just as urgent as the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

"America today stands poised on a pinnacle of wealth and power," he writes, "yet we live in a land of vanishing beauty, of increasing ugliness, of shrinking open space, and of an overall environment that is diminished daily by pollution and noise and blight."

Conservation, thus, is the quiet crisis of the 1960s.

"It is not too late to repair some of the mistakes of the past, and to make America a green and pleasant—and productive—land," the secretary believes. "We can do it if we understand the history of our husbandry, and develop fresh insight concerning the men and the forces that have shaped our land attitudes and determined the pattern of land use in the United States."

He recalls the history of the resources of the North American continent from the coming of the Indians to the development of the subdivision. It is ironical, he observes, that today the conservation movement finds itself turning back to ancient Indian land ideas, and to the Indian understanding that we are not outside of nature but of it.

The fictional intelligence agent of the paperbacks is a myth, I learned somewhat regretfully from ***The Craft of Intelligence*** (Harper & Row, $4.95). "The disciplines of intelli-

Carrying his ministry to the Brooklyn docks is nothing new to Albert Saunders, an Episcopal priest whose story is told in Chaplain on the Waterfront.

HYMN OF THE MONTH

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

New York's Jefferson Park Methodist Church was constructed in 1906 with Dr. North's help.

NEW YORK City in 1903 was a far cry from the great metropolis as it stands today. The city's universally recognized landmarks—the Empire State building, Rockefeller Center, the United Nations—were not even imagined at that early date. The beloved Statue of Liberty was still a teen-aged newcomer from France, and the Flatiron building, first New York skyscraper at 21 stories, was only one year old.

It seems a bit remarkable, then, that a hymn written in New York that year as *A Prayer for the City* remains fresh and contemporary six decades later. Now popularly identified by its first line, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* seems even more relevant to the character of U.S. national life in 1964 than at the turn of the century.

Methodists know this hymn well. It was written by a Methodist and was first printed in a Methodist publication. It has appeared in Methodist hymnbooks since 1905, currently as No. 465 in *The Methodist Hymnal*. Its words themed TOGETHER's *Photo Invitational* feature in 1962 when readers offered 1,400 color slides to illustrate the hymn's poignant words [The eight-page color pictorial appeared on pages 37-44 of the October issue that year.) Now it has been designated "Hymn of the Month" for February.

Among many hymns which have been written in the 20th century, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* is one of the very few which have won truly wide acceptance among Christians of all denominations. As the cultural patterns of nations around the world increasingly center on their cities, this hymn seems destined for even greater appropriateness and acceptance.

Author of its words was Frank Mason North, a familiar figure of northern Methodism for many years. When he wrote his six-stanza poem, Dr. North was both corresponding secretary of the New York City Missionary and Church Extension Society and editor of the society's publication, *The Christian City*. It was in this periodical that the hymn first appeared in print in 1903.

Dr. North had been asked to write a hymn for the new *Methodist Hymnal* of 1905, and a missionary theme had been suggested. Vitally concerned through his work with the church's efforts in New York, Dr. North saw the modern city as a mission field of highest priority and chose that as his subject. The success of his effort is apparent in the power and perceptive imagery of the hymn's lines.

In 1912, Dr. North became corresponding secretary for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a post he held until 1924. Throughout his life, he served the denomination in numerous capacities. He died at 85 on December 17, 1935, in his home near Methodist-related Drew University in Madison, N.J.

The tune, called by various names but identified in *The Methodist Hymnal* as "Germany," is much older than Dr. North's words, and its composer is not known. The earliest recognizable publication of this music was in 1815 by the English stocking manufacturer and music enthusiast, William Gardiner.

In a book he wrote later, the slightly eccentric Mr. Gardiner credited the origin of this tune to Beethoven, saying, "It is somewhere in the works of Beethoven, but where I cannot point out." Nor has any other musical research been able to point it out there. But the obscurity of its authorship cannot detract from the beauty of this music, now so well known as the setting for Dr. North's poem.

—PAIGE CARLIN

gence today call for a talent for inconspicuousness that should rule out fancy living, affairs with questionable females, and other such diversions," writes author **Allen Dulles**, who is the former chief of the Central Intelligence Agency.

He traces the history of espionage from the time Moses sent spies into the land of Canaan to the Profumo case, and writes of techniques of modern espionage as well as the function and philosophy of intelligence in a free society. All is done in the most readable and engrossing vein, and I do not think you will mind putting Ian Fleming aside for it.

Christianity in the beginning was one of the various "minim," or species of Judaism. It was called the "Min" or "The Way" of Jesus. As Christianity has developed, its own various "ways" have come into being. To the stranger to the faith, they look contradictory, but it is their sameness, not their diversity, that concerns **George W. Cornell** in ***The Way and Its Ways*** (Association Press, $4.50).

"The differences are not in what Christians think about God and divine sovereignty, about man's fallibility, his redemption, his responsibilities and potential destiny," he writes. "The churches generally concur on these essentials. Only when you come to the operation of the church itself, and the ways that it conveys the common fund of truths, do the main disagreements occur. It is in the method, not the content."

His exploration of the basic beliefs common to all Christians, and the various interpretations that have been built upon them, is an illuminating short course in theology written in the most readable terms.

Cornell, who is religious news editor of Associated Press, has reported most of the major religious gatherings of the last decade, Protestant and Roman Catholic. An active layman, he is a vestryman at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in New York City.

The cold war never blows cool in Vietnam. **Richard Tregaskis**, who has brought back eyewitness reports of battles almost continuously since Guadalcanal, assures us "every day is D-Day" there.

His ***Vietnam Diary*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5.95) is a barefisted, day-by-day account of how American husbands and fathers live, fight, and think in the "rear end of creation" on the other side of the world.

The importance of the United States' stake in the rice paddies and mountain jungles of Vietnam is no mystery to those Americans who are being shot at, wounded, and killed. They know that the communist powers

have won significant territory in such brush wars. And they hope, many of them confided to Tregaskis in odd moments, that their kids will not have to do the job when they grow up.

The determining factor in life is whether or not we know God, **T. Cecil Myers** writes in *Faith for a Time of Storm* (Abingdon, $3).

Embarking from that premise, the book covers the major doctrines of the church: God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, man, conversion, assurance, the Bible, the kingdom of God, the church, judgment, eternal life, and the power of love.

The author has based its chapters on sermons preached to his congregation at Grace Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga.

Marguerite Henry has a way of writing engrossing animal stories for boys and girls. Her latest is *Stormy, Misty's Foal* (Rand McNally, $3.95).

The setting is Chincoteague Island, just off the coast of Virginia. An important activity of the islanders is rounding up wild ponies from neighboring Assateague Island and selling them at a yearly pony sale, and the story centers around the Beebe family and their pony ranch. Excitement is provided by a savage storm and flood, during which Misty's foal is born; and children will delight in how Misty and Stormy make it possible to rebuild the pony herds that were lost during the storm.

The little girl across the street has informed me solemnly that she does not want a kitten, she wants a kinkajou. Her mother explained her ardent longing for this rather exotic pet stems from a picture book she received for Christmas.

Barnaby (Dodd, Mead, $3.25) is a kinkajou who lives in New York City with photographer **William Vandivert** and his writer-wife **Rita**. He is the hero of an engaging book in which pictures by Vandivert and text by Mrs. Vandivert show how the little animal adjusted to civilization.

In the Vandiverts' apartment, it is not unusual to discover that Barnaby, the kinkajou, is peeking over his bed-box.

I must remember to tell my young friend, though, that the Vandiverts are not disloyal to kittens. Their household consists of themselves, their daughter, Barnaby, and two Siamese cats.

If you got a lump in your throat over *Battle Hymn for a Twelve-Year-Old* [page 17], you will want to read *With Love From Karen* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), which carries the story of the Killilea family on until Karen is a young lady.

Written by Karen's mother, **Marie Killilea**, it is a valiant blend of courage and humor.

With the pro football season just over, one of its leading coaches, **Vince Lombardi** of the Green Bay Packers, has written *Run to Daylight!* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95) with the help of writer W. C. Heinz and photographer Robert Riger.

The book carries the reader through a typical week during football season. The Sunday opponent is unidentified, but the story begins at 3:15 a.m. on Monday with Lombardi replaying the last game in a fight for sleep, and it ends with the closing gun the next Sunday afternoon. In between are workouts, skull sessions, movies, briefings, conferences with sports writers, Lombardi's thoughts as he starts out from home each morning to stop at St. Willebrord's for mass, the dedication and attention to detail that make him a coach.

Stories and dramatic action pictures are neatly woven into the account. Lombardi says of Bart Starr [see *People Called Methodists*, November, 1963, page 25]: "There is no one on the team who is more conscientious and dedicated than Bart Starr." Unfortunately, many of the players' pictures are uncaptioned, but the real fan will know who they are, along with most of the nomenclature and strategy discussed.

For the occasional television fan, the book offers insights into the complex business of coaching and big league football.

The old coaches used to say, "Look for that hole in the line"; Lombardi teaches, "Don't look for the specific hole—run to daylight." Thus the title of his book, and an appropriate one because his Packers have clinched two world titles.

When Louis Untermeyer introduced **Robert Frost** at the National Poetry Festival, the famous poet gratefully referred to Untermeyer's championship of his work when it was little known, remarking: "Sometimes, I

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think I am a figment of Louis' imagination."

Over the years the old friends carried on a flourishing correspondence, and Frost's letters, at least, were carefully preserved by Untermeyer, who prepared them for publication scheduled in 1961. However, Frost, who had been enthusiastic at first, began to get cold feet and finally asked that publication be deferred during his lifetime. He was too honest to ask that critical remarks about his contemporaries and other intimate disclosures be deleted, but he felt that if they came out while he was alive: "I would turn my back on the world and not utter another book."

Now that the poet is dead, we have ***The Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $7). It is somewhat frustrating to see only one side of a correspondence, yet the letters give us a large and intimate portrait of a man who received every honor a grateful nation could heap on a poet.

We speak, with much wringing of hands, of "child tyrants" and the "grand abdication" of parental authority in today's America. Martha Weinman Lear, who has been researching the subject for three years, believes it is likelier that: "Baby is being used. He is a front-runner, groomed to show the world what hot-shots his parents are."

In ***The Child Worshipers*** (Crown, $3.95), Mrs. Lear says that many mothers and fathers, striving so passionately to be Good Parents, have turned parenthood into a painfully competitive sport: "In an era when traditional status symbols can turn obsolescent overnight, they have discovered that social stature may still be gained by raising the best-dressed, fed, educated, mannered, medicated, cultured, and adjusted child on the block. If he looms discomfortingly large, it is only because they have done their job so well. Exploiting their child, they have created a turning worm, a faithless Galatea—a paragon of such power that he has become the exploiter, and they the victims of their own exploitation."

There are infinite ways to turn a child into a status symbol, and Mrs. Lear explores them all in a brightly etched review of our child-centered society.

Helen Keller's magnificent teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, had a tragic childhood, and those early years of poverty and near-blindness are told for the first time in a fictional biography by Marion Brown and Ruth Crone.

The Silent Storm (Abingdon,

SNOW CYCLE

Falling snow on tiptoe. Folks inside
Looking out the windows. Traffic tied.

Snow stops now and they all come out.
Horns honk. Shovels scratch. Little kids shout.

Icicles. Bending bushes. Sidewalks freeze.
Old ladies walking like puppets Chinese.

Melting gray slop. Clean blotches of ground.
Cars and people slushing around.

Sun. Blue sky. Earth looks warm.
Everything's set for the next snowstorm.

—PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE

$3.25) is a dramatic story of a lonely young girl whose determination allowed her to draw strength from obstacles. The publishers designate it for age 11 up, but adults will find it absorbing, too.

It may take a rather strong stomach to get through certain passages of *Alone No Longer* (Funk & Wagnalls, $5), for leprosy is not a pleasant disease, and U.S. Marine Hospital No. 66 at Carville, La., at which it is treated, was not a pleasant place when **Stanley Stein** was confined there in 1931.

With the help of **Lawrence G. Blochman**, Stein tells his own story and the story of the men and women of Carville, once held behind barbed wire without hope of a normal life. Since the introduction of sulfone drugs in 1941, however, a significant number of them have been able to resume the role of contributing member of society.

As editor of the *Sixty-Six Star,* Stein has been a consistent battler for the right of Carville patients to be treated as human beings, and his story is full of human drama and triumph.

The word leprosy has been used for different diseases in the course of time, incidentally, and Hansen's disease, which we call leprosy today, has no resemblance to the leprosy of Bible times.

There are four persons in every marriage, two adults and the two children they used to be, says **W. Hugh Missildine.** In ***Your Inner Child of the Past*** (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), the psychiatrist discusses how to recall the forgotten child we used to be, and how to free ourselves from the tensions set up in our childhood.

Dr. Missildine conceived this approach to adult emotional problems when he was director of the Children's Mental Health Center in Columbus, Ohio. He now is assistant professor of psychiatry at the Ohio State University College of Medicine.

His book is readable and helpful.

My friend Sally Wesley tells me of a new book on quantity cooking that should be a help to almost anyone involved in planning a church supper —from the novice needing advice on how much people eat to the expert just looking for some new ideas.

The book is ***Cooking for Crowds*** (Bethany Press, $4), by **Sarah Morgan.** Mrs. Morgan operates a successful tearoom in Fort Worth, and she writes as if she had had plenty of experience in a church kitchen, too. Particularly helpful, Sally tells me, are her guides for quantity buying and quantity servings. —BARNABAS

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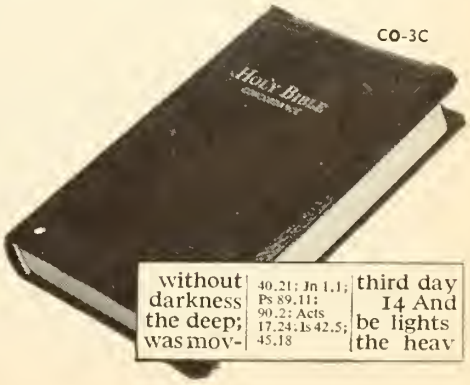

Hobby Alley

Hobbies, UNLIMITED!

The stories of a ski-resort sitter, a root-digger, and a rug-hooker point up just a few of the ways to enjoy the long, cold winter. Once your mind is in motion, there's no telling where you'll wind up.

I TRIED to learn to ski once, and promptly broke a leg—going uphill. It has lent me a certain distinction, but I still hold a grudge against ill-mannered rope tows.

After being plastered to the knee that fateful Sunday, I called home to give my good mother the news. The first thing she said was, "When did you say you were skiing, dear?" She is small, and silver haired, and soft spoken. But over the years, I've learned to translate her mild pronouncements. In this case: "Are churches up there closed during ski season?"

It served me right for being AWOL. I had just collected a college diploma, but I felt like a kid who had been caught with an arm in the lollipop bin.

Then she added, "Besides—you know you shouldn't try to ski. Your sense of balance is terrible."

My wounded ego has since been salved by the discovery that the ranks of the unbalanced are well staffed. If you, too, have outdoor aspirations but hopelessly tangled feet, there's still a place for you under the winter sun.

A ski area can be defined most simply as a snow-covered incline covered with people in various stages of climb and decline. Your newspaper may oblige by printing a list of nearby centers. If not, ask the sports department for the address of the nearest club, or consult one of the several ski magazines.

Buy yourself a sweater and a parka (about $10 each and up), a pair of ski pants ($19.95 and way up), a scarf, and a pair of gloves. Then try a scouting outing. If you do not want to drive, package tours are provided by many transportation companies and ski clubs. You'll face your first temptation when you get into the crisp outdoors and find that you can rent the skis, poles, and boots—probably for no more than $4 to $5 a day. But don't yield, brother. Remember your two left feet.

Instead, stand at the bottom of the hill and watch what goes on.

There they are, the ski addicts. With altogether ungainly pieces of board on their feet, they spend most of their day standing in line, waiting for a ride to the top. When they get there—*if* they get there—their spirits soar, and they head downstream with gusto. But soon they're entangled in the army of incompetents that has made a *sitzplatz* of every snowy slope within weekend distance of city or hamlet.

Meanwhile, where are you—the reformed unco-ordinate? You're sitting with a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich on the porch of a ski lodge, collecting a suntan, talking, and people-watching.

I became a confirmed railbird after I broke my leg. You'll find me, in authentic Austrian ski sweater and the least-rumpled pair of stretch pants in sight, lounging outside by day and planted on a big rug near a crackling fire by night.

On Monday morning I go back to work—unbruised and unbattered.

—CAROL MULLER

Here's an unreformed unco-ordinate, speeding bravely toward a plaster trap. She will not find true happiness on an icy windswept slope.

GEORGE F. Nichols has an inexpensive hobby that combines plenty of fresh air and exercise with imagination, artistry—and a touch of the unexpected.

He wanders through woodlands with a shovel in hand and his nose to the ground. When he finds a fallen tree or stump, he digs up unusual roots and lugs them home.

He cleans, cuts, and polishes the roots at his leisure and, as a last step, adds a base and ornaments to each.

After 25 years of collecting, Mr. Nichols has dozens of distinctive household decorations that resemble people and animals.

Unknown inhabitants of some roots provide the unexpected—and sometime unsettling—part of the hobby. One morning he washed a root in soap and water and laid it on a shelf above the sink. While it was drying, he started to shave, and when he had worked up a good lather, he raised his head.

There, staring at him from the shelf, was a granddaddy swamp frog, covered with soap and pretty well upset about the whole thing!

Mr. Nichols also has unwittingly provided a new home for field mice, small snakes, bugs, and worms. And

George Nichols' creations include the humorous, the beautiful, and the just plain amazing. This one, which he calls Bull Charmer, *is decorated with jewelry and ribbon and embedded in plaster.*

out in the pasture, he has run into some mean cows and dogs.

But to George Nichols, undaunted by such surprises, foraging through woods and swamps still is fun.

Mr. Nichols' rooting around is not expensive. He uses common wall plaster to make bases for his discoveries, which he brightens with water paints, colored stones, and artificial flowers.

As you would expect, many have tried to buy some of his unusual pieces. But he prefers to keep them or give them to friends and those who have let him roam their lands.

Mr. Nichols, a machinist who lives in Oxford, Mass., has gathered most items of his collection in New England. He also has collected rocks with interesting shapes.

He admits to only one drawback in the whole adventure: "My house is pretty crowded." □

THE WORK of a Batavia, N.Y., Methodist makes the point sharply: there is real art in attacking a piece of burlap with a hook.

Since she began hooking rugs 13 years ago, Mrs. Kenneth E. Blackmer has turned out more than 30. Her creations shine with beauty, but she insists that it takes no particular talent.

Beginners can buy burlap with designs already stamped on them, but Mrs. Blackmer—an advanced amateur—creates her own patterns. She has an edge on most of her fellow hobbyists because she worked in a drafting room during World War II and learned to make small sketches, then enlarge them to scale.

She's lucky, too, because her husband designed a glass-topped table, with a bright light underneath, that allows her to place a paper pattern beneath the burlap and trace it directly.

When the pattern is ready, the next requirement is wool.

"I'm the country's best rummage-sale customer," she says. "There often is beautiful wool, most of it salvageable, in old coats, suits, skirts, blankets, trousers, and bathrobes—which often can be bought for dimes or quarters."

Mrs. Blackmer uses cut strips of wool yard goods, not yarn. Here, again, her husband came to the rescue. He made a cutter of three protruding single-edged razor blades, held firmly parallel about half an inch apart by slots cut into a wood frame.

Many of Mrs. Blackmer's rug designs are extremely lifelike. "I like to make a rose look like a rose," she says. "That, after all, is the real challenge. Flowers and other designs in many hooked rugs are just a solid blob of color with a dark outline."

All her rugs are clipped to give them a lush, smooth surface that differs markedly from the loop surface characteristic of colonial hooked rugs.

Mrs. Blackmer suggests that a particularly interesting rug can be designed by marking off squares on a piece of burlap and allowing a youngster to make simple drawings in each. The finished rug becomes a permanent childhood memento.

It usually takes Mrs. Blackmer, working two or three hours a day, about two months to complete a throw rug, but the beginner can expect to spend a lot more time.

"Hooking rugs looks harder than it really is," she insists. "With only about six hours of instruction, a person can learn most of the basic skills."

To get started, a hobbyist needs a simple, handmade, wooden frame, 24 by 36 inches, clamped together at both ends; a hook; burlap, and access to a rummage sale.

Ingenuity helps, too. On Mrs. Blackmer's wall hangs a hooked picture that contains a pair of her brother-in-law's socks. —ALICE Z. CHAPIN

Mrs. Blackmer shows the stages in rug-hooking. Her original design on burlap is at top and bottom, but she has completed the central floral design. She says hooking is easier than it appears.

Name Your Hobby

To be listed here, just send your name, address, and hobby to Hobby Editor, *Together*, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

AUTO LICENSE PLATES: Terry Wendt, 910 E. Bradley Rd., Milwaukee 17, Wis.

BABY CLOTHES: Phyllis A. Thomas, 708 Lagro Dr., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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HISTORY: Andrew Leighton, 112 W. Fredricks St., Barstow, Calif. (Civil War and ancient).

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Monte (10), Murray (7), and Lynda (18) Larsen, 7717-37th SW, Seattle, Wash. 98126; Nancy Kitson (13), 719 Brown St., Stroudsburg, Pa.; Linda Curtis (13), R. 1, Box 141, Churdan, Iowa; Carol Gunning (17), 2700 Stewart St., McKeesport, Pa. 1S132; Holly Stastny (14), 245 Hickory NW, Melbourne, Fla. 32904.

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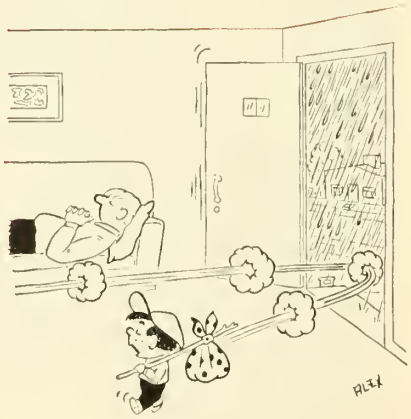

"I forgive you, Dad."

PITCHERS: W. J. Bonner, Box 142, Preston, Md. 2165S; Mrs. R. M. Mathews, 623 Hope, Waterloo, Iowa (cream); Mrs. Manus Isacson, 184 Parkview Pl., Mount Kisco, N.Y. 10549 (miniature pitchers, Toby mugs).

PHOTOGRAPHY: Mrs. William Polinko, Country Club Rd., St. Clairsville, Ohio.

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POSTMARKS: John Lippincott, Box 237, Malvern, Iowa (Pray for Peace); Wm. H. Nickerson, 413 Central Ave., Ocean City, N.J. 08226; T. A. Parks, 208 N. Church St., Louisville, Miss.

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Charlotte Herrmann, RFD 1, Fairfield, Maine 04937 (first-day airport dedication covers); Pam Prai, 7200 Holdrege St., Lincoln, Nebr.

TAPE RECORDING: Edgar J. Workman, Rockhill Furnace, Pa. 17249 (singing).

TATTING: Mabel Spencer, c/o Peterson Nursing Home, 1136 Harding Rd., Des Moines 14, Iowa.

TOOTHPICK HOLDERS: Janet Cutlip, 1 Swetland Ave., London, Ohio.

TRAVEL BROCHURES: David M. Mathews, 623 Hope, Waterloo, Iowa.

TRAY FAVORS: Mrs. John R. Madeira, 183S E. 72nd St., Chicago, Ill. 60649.

WRITING: Marie Ross, 211 Minner Ave., Oildale, Calif. 93308 (creative).

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

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Letters

How Church Can Help More

MRS. ARTHUR WILLING
River Forest, Ill.

It is encouraging to know that mental retardation is being recognized as the problem of all people, not only a few dedicated parents and teachers. [See *Retarded Children: How the Church Can Help,* November, 1963, page 28.]

I am grateful especially to the River Forest Methodist Church for welcoming our daughter to church-school class and giving generous help.

Parents of retarded children worry about what will become of such a child when the parents no longer can care for it. The church can help open the doors of industry and institutions for employment of such persons. Church hospitals and homes could employ the retarded to make beds, serve trays, work in the kitchen, and so on. Retarded children take pride in doing a job, and can be trained for a useful occupation.

He Takes Issue

JAY L. HARTMAN
Greenville, Pa.

Olin E. Oeschger's article is helpful, but I am disturbed by the attitude of Michael J. Begab, White House special assistant for mental retardation. [See *What Is a Retarded Child?* November, 1963, page 29.] He stated:

"The overwhelming majority of retarded children represents the marginal citizens in our society—victims of slum cultures, the mentally understimulated, the products of poverty and its corollaries of substandard housing, nutritional deficiencies, child neglect, and broken homes."

This to me is a typical statement from a governmental agent who deals in generalities. We have a retarded son who can neither talk nor walk. We know of doctors, rich farmers, and many other persons who live clean, moral lives and have retarded children. The federal government ought to enact legislation to help train the mentally retarded instead of wasting money on paper specialists.

We are fortunate in having the Mercer County Association for the Retarded, supported by charity, to help us teach and stimulate our child.

Everyone Can Aid the Retarded

MRS. KENNETH PICKERING
Chenango Forks, N.Y.

When the church recognizes and speaks on a problem, it helps us who are involved in it.

No longer able to provide the special care needed by our boy, we placed him in the Rome State School, where many volunteers help with the children.

Groups in churches near such institutions could visit the children and offer their services in other ways to help the doctors and nurses. Church people also could send letters and cards to the children, along with old church-school papers, and thus help teach the retarded about God. Once they are placed in an institution, many children are "forgotten," receiving no mail or visitors. They need to know someone cares.

The director of any school for the retarded can tell how all can help.

Iowan Prizes Wesley Antique

MRS. E. H. HANCOCK
Iowa City, Iowa

Mention of the tablecloth used in entertaining John Wesley [see *Letters,* August, 1963, page 56] reminded me

that a member of our First Methodist church congregation, Professor-emeritus Estella Boot, has an oak table once owned by John Wesley. It is a low, tilt-top table which can be folded up. Its top is slanted for convenience in reading. Wesley often carried it on horseback in his travels from home to home of Methodist societies in Yorkshire, England.

Prof. Boot's grandmother, Hannah Gale, bought the table and brought it with her to Canada about 1830, thence to Iowa in 1867. Miss Boot is the sole survivor of her family.

Disillusion on Taiwan?

FRANKLIN P. SMITH, *Missionary*
Durham, N.C.

As a Methodist missionary on furlough from Taiwan, I appreciate the beautiful color pictorial *Formosa: Where Hope Is a Way of Life* [November, 1963, page 35].

But one note seems to me to ring untrue. Hope just doesn't exist in Taiwan—at least, among the college students I know—to the extent that the article indicates. The majority of students there do not know firsthand the evils of communism across the Formosa Strait. What they do know is the lack of freedom in Taiwan. This creates disillusionment, not hope. To overlook this repression of liberty gives an incomplete and unrealistic picture.

He Blames Chiang

LORENZ SCHULTZ
Portland, Oreg.

I protest the inference that the Nationalist government is a glowing symbol of the "Christian" West's resistance to communism. Growing evidence shows that the communist takeover of China was due in large part to the political ineptitude and corruption of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime—a government which forfeited the loyalty of the Chinese masses. We even may assume that their choice of communism was motivated not so much by devotion to Marxism-Leninism as the hope that anything would be preferable to Chiang.

An article in *Harper's* magazine for September, 1963, reports that Chiang has imposed a military dictatorship upon the Formosans—who comprise 80 percent of the population.

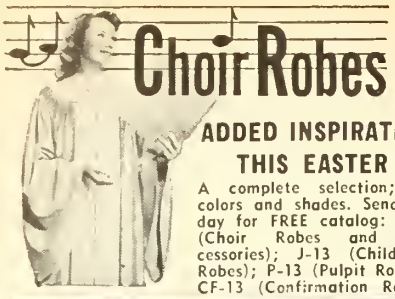
I lament that The Methodist Church claims such a man as its own. Let us hope and pray that one day both Taiwan and mainland China will have a government which will insure the freedom and dignity of man.

Urges Christian Education

A. RAY NEPTUNE
Medford, Oreg.

Let us as Methodists be as emphatic as was John Wesley, who said, "I will have one or the other—a Christian school or none at all." Judging by Robert H. Hamill's article [*Can We Win the Campus?* November, 1963, page 14], we have strayed far from Wesley's teachings.

We seem to be educating young peo-



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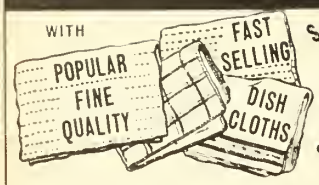

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ple for the sake of education alone.

When planning for his school at Kingswood, Wesley insisted that the Christian view of life be brought into the teaching of all subjects so students could see all of life through Christian eyes.

An 'Honest' Analysis

H. L. DAUGHENBAUGH, JR., *Pastor*
Tulane University Wesley Foundation
New Orleans, La.

Congratulations on Dean Robert H. Hamill's forceful and honest presentation of the perplexities of the contemporary college and university campus. He has analyzed clearly the difficulties confronting the church.

Many Methodists do not understand the campus situation and, as a result, they sometimes do not understand the unusual steps taken by Wesley Foundations, Methodist Student Movement units, and campus ministers to meet those situations.

Meets Old Friends

MRS. ROSS THOMPSON, *Publisher*
Rocky Ford Daily Gazette
Rocky Ford, Colo.

Bob Hamill's article *Can We Win the Campus?* and the beautiful Wesley Foundation layout [November, 1963, pages 14 and 1] brought back memories of my participation in Methodist activities at the University of Iowa when he was foundation director.

I also was happy to read the excellent ideas expressed by a fellow publisher, Paul Simon [*A Politician's Gripes*, page 47]. I hope your readers will take all to heart.

He Deplores Defeatism

CASPER APELAND
Waukegan, Ill.

We cannot win the campus if students are handicapped by such defeatist counselors as Robert Hamill. We all respond to challenging, inspiring leadership. None of us is in greater need of faith and determination than are students.

Campus Is NOT Hopeless

WILLIAM H. PORTER, JR., *Professor*
Mount Union College
Alliance, Ohio

I find it difficult to accept Robert Hamill's conclusions. As a Methodist minister for more than 30 years and professor of sociology 8 years, I think his report may mislead people, and his broad generalizations make me shudder.

Fun Without Alcohol

NANCY McKINNEY, *President*
Gamma Chapter, Alpha Delta Chi
Los Angeles State College
Los Angeles, Calif.

As a college student, I was impressed by *Teen-Age Drinking: A Frank Appraisal* [November, 1963, page 18]. Alpha Delta Chi sorority and Alpha Gamma Omega fraternity, national or-

DEADLINE: FEBRUARY 1

Hurry! Hurry! Only a few days left to enter slides in our Eighth Photo Invitational.

The cherished hymn *This Is My Father's World* is our theme, and our challenge to you is to submit color slides that best illustrate its words. Do you have such slides in your files now? Can you take some before the deadline? Full details in the December issue [page 75] and the January issue [page 8]. But get busy now; time is short!

Send all entries to:

Photo Editor, TOGETHER
Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

ganizations on many California university and state college campuses, aim to be Christ-centered in all activities. Neither allows liquor to be served at any function, yet members and guests enjoy a good time. It is disgusting to think that the success of some parties is dependent upon alcohol.

Liquor Defiles the Body

MRS. FAITH COCHRAN
Topeka, Kans.

After reading in newspapers that many Methodists drink, I was pleased to find the article on teen-age drinking in TOGETHER.

How can Christians defile their bodies with alcohol? I quote from Phillips' translation of the Bible: "You yourselves are temples of God, and God's Spirit lives in you. God will destroy anyone who defiles His temple . . ." (1 Corinthians 3:16-17.)

Can a Christian ask God's blessing on the use of alcohol? Again quoting from Phillips' translation: "Whatever you do, eating or drinking or anything else, everything should be done to bring glory to God." (1 Corinthians 10:31.)

A Rival of Bart Starr

HAROLD A. CLARK, *Pastor*
Clarissa, Minn.

The star quarterback Bart Starr [*Pride of Green Bay*, November, 1963, page 25] was opposed by another Methodist star quarterback when the Packers recently played the Minnesota Vikings —Francis Tarkenton, of Georgia [see *Unusual Methodists*, October, 1962, page 29].

I also appreciated *Can We Win the Campus?* When I was in seminary in Boston, few of the hundreds of Methodist students at Methodist-related Boston University attended the Wesley club. But, as Dr. Robert H. Hamill points out, religion is making a greater impact on students than is superficially adjudged to be the case.

Plaudits for Zealous Student

MRS. CLARA NEWILL
Los Angeles, Calif.

I noted with thanksgiving the letter from Don Moses, a student [*Dancing or Spiritual Vitality?* October, 1963, page 66]. Regular worship seems to some persons to be of little importance unless supplemented by a coffee hour or refreshments.

Evening worship today is almost nonexistent. We used to criticize Roman Catholics because they attended mass in the morning, with the rest of the day "for anything and everything." We had better sweep our own sanctuary steps.

God give you continued courage, Don Moses, to stand fast. It will get you farther into the Kingdom than dances, movies, and dinners which some churches use in place of study and worship.

Bravo to a Great Critic

MRS. J. P. HAIR
Huntington Woods, Mich.

Hurrah for Bishop Gerald Kennedy for advocating plain writing [*Browsing in Fiction*, November, 1963, page 58]. Many of us who dislike modern novels, ugly art, or unintelligible poetry hesitate to say so for fear of being considered uncultured. In the final analysis, simplicity is beauty.

Likes Latin America Emphasis

THOMAS J. LIGGETT, *President*
Evangelical Seminary of Puerto Rico
Río Piedras, Puerto Rico

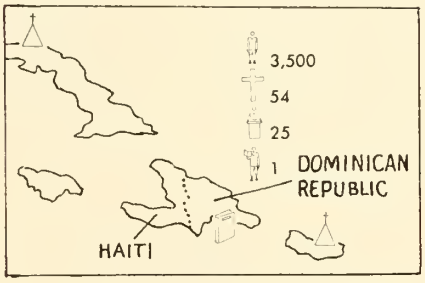
I appreciate the article by Dr. Robert Burns, *Protestant Opportunity in Latin America* [September, 1963, page 14]. We in Latin America always appreciate the attention given to this part of the world by our church publications in the United States.

Too Far West

THOMAS J. MAXWELL
Inter American University
San German, Puerto Rico

September's TOGETHER carried an interesting article by University of the Pacific President, Dr. Robert Burns, but I know that he is not responsible for the labeling error in the Caribbean [page 15]. Dominican Republic is on the east side of Hispaniola, not the west.

Some of our former professors are teaching in Covell College [*Only Spanish Spoken Here*, September, page 16] of the University of the Pacific. Dr. Arthur J. Cullen, director, formerly was at Inter American University.



It's the right side of the island.

An Idea for Integration

MRS. TOMMIE ROTHELL
Birmingham, Ala.

I will no longer allow such pictures as that of Martin Luther King ['*Action Now' Integration Proposal to Be Debated at General Conference*, November, 1963, page 3] in my home. His—and others'—use of religion in agitation is contrary to the Bible.

Jesus specified (Matthew 6:5-6): "When you pray, you must not . . .

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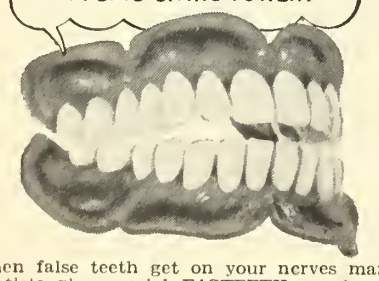

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stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners. . . . But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret."

Does God hear better those who shout in the streets than he does us who pray quietly?

Those who were not in Birmingham when Mr. King's mobs took over cannot appreciate the deplorable situation which was created. We are opposed to his pressure tactics.

I'm sure that those Negroes who want to integrate will be glad to open their churches and schools to those white people who also want to integrate. Since our nation was founded on religious freedom, I claim the right to choose where and with whom I worship. And I oppose church planning committees, boards, and conferences that assume it is their right and duty to try to dictate the conscience of individual members.

Joy Amid Grief

MRS. A. C. CREEL
Kansas City, Mo.

Silence Was Golden [November, page 33] is a story of courage and perfect understanding, sympathy, matured love, of a devoted husband and wife. The husband, laid low by a stroke, showed not a moment of discouragement or apathy.

They had had 47 years of happy marriage, but the last six were the best.

Shall Minority Dictate?

MRS. J. REYNOLDS GRIME
Cazenovia, N.Y.

I agree with John M. Kelly [*Letters*, September, 1963, page 66] that the courts had no authority to legislate in religious matters. Why should the right of a small minority *not* to worship deprive the large majority of their right to worship God in school or any other place?

Individual schools could arrange schedules to fit the preferences of all. Children whose parents object to a religious tone could attend a patriotic service, while the other pupils could have a service in which God's guidance is asked.

'Silent Choir' Idea Works Well

MRS. VIRGIL H. POTTER
Dallas, Texas

My Methodist mother gave me a subscription to TOGETHER as a birthday present when the first issue came out. I have renewed my subscription every year, for the magazine is a help in my daily life, in teaching, and in church-fellowship work.

A year ago I asked you for information about a "silent choir" which I had seen previously in TOGETHER, and you put me in touch with Mrs. Diana Schellenberg of Lawrence, Kans. [See *Fairest Lord Jesus*, August, 1961, page 2.] She sent me materials and suggestions for the Children's Day program of our primary and junior choirs.

Our girls interpreted, by their movements, *The Lord's Prayer* and *The Light of the World*. The only adults participating in the hour-and-15-minute service were the minister and two elders who served the Lord's Supper, a teacher who gave a children's sermonette, and the pianist. The 35 children practiced hard for eight weeks to give a flawless performance.

They got their idea from TOGETHER.

I am so proud of them that I want you to know how much your help meant to all of us in our church, to have been given the opportunity, through Mrs. Schellenberg, her idea, and the pictures in TOGETHER, of presenting something entirely different and very beautiful to our congregation.

Mrs. Potter is primary superintendent of Urbandale Christian Church, Dallas, Texas.—EDS.

Tool for Teachers

MRS. EARL GISH
Battle Ground, Wash.

Though TOGETHER has long been a favorite, I never appreciated it more than during vacation church school, when nearly every teacher used it. I had saved every copy for several years, and pictures were cut out of them all. The color makes the pictures doubly useful.

Loves Foreign Mamma, Papa

DOUGLAS RAUTHE
Kalispell, Mont.

An Exchange of Love [August, page 46] was of particular interest to me because I was privileged to participate in the marvelous program last year. I lived for six months with the Enrico Morini family in Voghera, Italy. They called me their son and I called them "Mamma" and "Papa"; and we became very attached to one another.

Mrs. Lois T. Henderson accurately portrayed the feelings of both the exchange students and the host families.

I hope that as a result of this article in TOGETHER, more Methodists will consider joining in the American Field

Service Program of welcoming foreign students into their homes. I hope every MYFer reads the article.

No Longer 'Foreign' Country

MRS. CHARLES KIMBELL
North Syracuse, N.Y.

We, too, have a "son" in another country, so no longer feel it is a foreign land. Our son is Chilean, a Roman Catholic who came to our Protestant home under the Experiment in International Living.

I am corresponding with another young man in Chile, whose name I found in *Name Your Hobby.*

Handshake from EUB

F. F. GROSS, *Pastor*
Evangelical United Brethren Church
Fremont, Nebr.

I think every EUB minister should read TOGETHER in view of the negotiations for union with the Methodists.

In addition to pastoral duties, I edit our eight-page Nebraska Conference paper, *The Informer,* sent to every home. I would like permission to reprint material from TOGETHER. The articles by your bishops would be helpful for our readers.

Maybe They Could Walk

F. J. SCHWEINFURTH
Retired Minister
Cincinnati, Ohio

Most of Dr. Richmond Barbour's answers [*Teens Together*] are good. But that advice to a youth without a car [September, page 54] I do not like. My advice to the boy: guard your self-respect. You cheapen yourself by letting a girl's parents drive you in their car.

Stay away from girls until you are old enough to have your own car. You always will find plenty of girls. My three sons did not date during their teens, yet all found good wives.

Vacationers at Ogunquit . . .

THOMAS R. MERRILL, *Pastor*
Ogunquit, Maine

Our church of only 69 members provides extra worship for vacationers. [See *The Vacation Church: A New Ministry,* August, page 3.] We have three services every Sunday morning during the summer, and have averaged more than 200 in attendance.

I conducted the first two services, and a guest took the third. Last summer we had Congregationalist, Lutheran, Episcopalian, and Reformed ministers, as well as Methodist. We also arranged a complete Jewish Reformed service, conducted by a rabbi. This brought an enthusiastic response from the large Jewish community, and provided religious-cultural exchange.

Passersby frequently stop in our church, which is open all the time. Many a vacationing organist practices on our organ, and a concert pianist and voice student also have used our facilities.

Rural Church in Action

BILLEE SCOTT MICK, *Pastor*
Union, W.Va.

Circuit-Riding Student [October, 1963, page 34] portrays the rural-church situation in West Virginia very realistically. It's a long trail, which few are willing to ride.

Together Stands in Time

CHARLES S. JOHNSON, *Pastor*
Middletown, R.I.

We were pleased to include a copy of the *Aldersgate Issue* [May, 1963] in a box embedded in the cornerstone of our new church, October 6.

CAMERA CLIQUE

A 100-mile hiker. Wendel Caldwell is his name, and he's the man surrounded by Liberians in the picture on page 35 [*Liberia: Uncle Sam's Special Friend in Africa*]. To him goes the credit for several of the pictures in this color pictorial.

While he was a special-term (A-3) missionary doing medical work in Liberia, Mr. Caldwell was assigned by Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., to take pictures for us. His guide-interpreter took the crowd shot after Mr. Caldwell had set the camera. In order to get some of the other pictures, he had to *walk*—not fly—100 miles through the dense forests to reach villages on the Kru Coast. He made 200 exposures with a Zeis Contina III, Kodachrome film, and a strobe flash which worked sporadically.

Mr. Caldwell had another hobby while in Liberia: ham radio. With it—and within the hearing of anyone who had a receiver and wanted to tune in—he courted the former Miss Maude Reed, a secretary in the Congo Relief Agency working in a mission station in The Congo. They now are full-time missionaries in Liberia, where a daughter, Deborah Lee, arrived in late 1962.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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Inadvertently omitted from our January issue was credit for photo on page 75, taken by Bob Case, Boston U.—EDS.

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The Lopsided Valentine

By JACK W. HANKINS

SITTING at the kitchen table just before the school bus came, Joan looked again through her pile of homemade valentines. It had been hard work making them, but she thought it was going to be worth it.

Surely, Kate and Doris would like theirs, for she had taken special pains to get them just right. If the girls were impressed, perhaps they would be friendly toward her. Joan was new at the school, and was eager to make friends. Kate and Doris were the most popular girls, so Joan wanted to be in their group.

Then Joan idly picked up another of the valentines. She had not written anyone's name on it yet because it was the first one she had made. The red heart was lopsided, and the frilly white paper had stuck together in places. She could not give it to any of Kate's and Doris' friends, because they would probably laugh.

Barbara! She could give it to her. Joan really liked Barbara the best of all the little girls in her class. But Barbara seemed to have the same problem Joan had—she wanted friends.

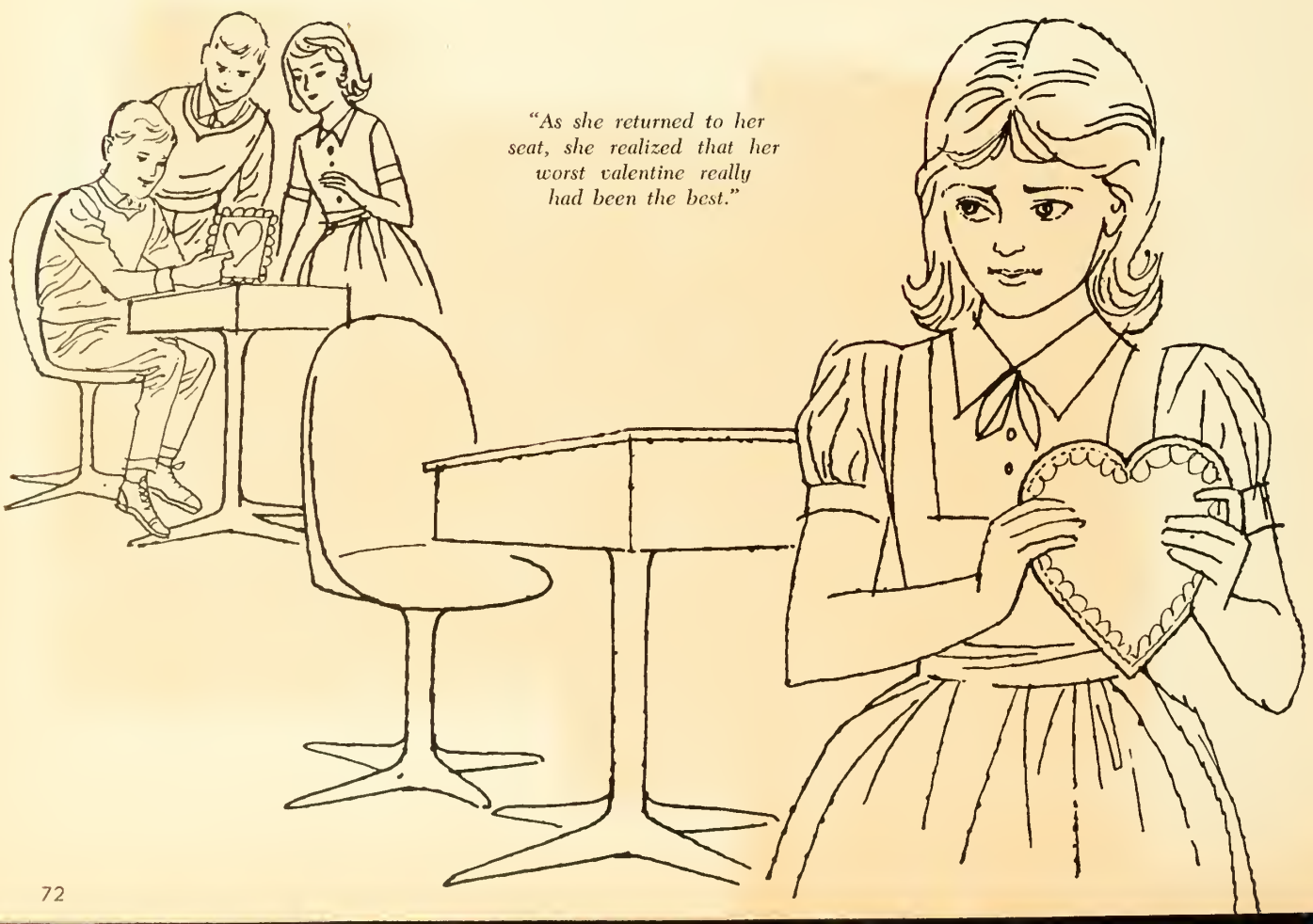
"Barbara won't show the lopsided valentine to anyone," Joan thought. Anyway, she would have made Barbara a valentine, too, if she had had time. She took her pencil and wrote "Barbara" on the valentine.

When she got to school, she found everyone excited about the valentine party. Joan almost changed her mind about giving the poor valentine to anyone. But she glanced down the aisle at Barbara, then slipped the red and white valentine into the box with her others.

Eyes sparkling, Joan sat expectantly as the valentines were passed out that afternoon. She did not open her own, but watched intently as Kate and Doris exclaimed over the ones they liked.

When they opened hers, Joan held her breath, Would the girls be pleased? Kate and Doris just looked at her homemade hearts briefly, then turned to open others. It seemed they admired only fancy, store-bought valentines.

Finally, as Joan began opening her own, she wondered why she had not bought hers instead of go-



"As she returned to her seat, she realized that her worst valentine really had been the best."

ing to the trouble of making them. Now that she thought about them, they were all a little lopsided and gluey. Then someone spoke her name. It was Barbara.

"Thank you for the nice valentine you gave me," Barbara said. "I see you made it, and I know how hard they are to make. I've tried it."

Joan was both pleased and embarrassed because she had given the worst valentine to Barbara as an afterthought.

"It's really not very good," Joan murmured. Barbara said:

"The heart *is* a little crooked, but if it were perfect, I wouldn't have known you made it."

Joan looked at the lopsided valentine a moment, then answered, "It does look better if you see it that way." They both laughed. "But I have to tell you something. I . . . I really gave the better ones to the other girls." She blushed.

"It doesn't matter," Barbara said kindly. "I like mine."

After they had shown each other their valentines, Joan asked, "Why is it you don't play with Kate and Doris? They're so popular."

"Oh, I like everyone in the class," Barbara told her, "only I can't stay to play with them after school. I have to pick up my little sister at nursery school and take care of her until our mother comes home from work. And everyone here has friends already."

"I don't," replied Joan. "Let's be best friends. I don't care about being one of the popular ones any more. You're a true friend." Barbara was delighted.

Joan had an idea. "Maybe you'll let me go with you this afternoon to pick up your little sister, and we'll take care of her together!" Barbara nodded happily.

Then their teacher was calling the class to order and asking them to clean up their desks.

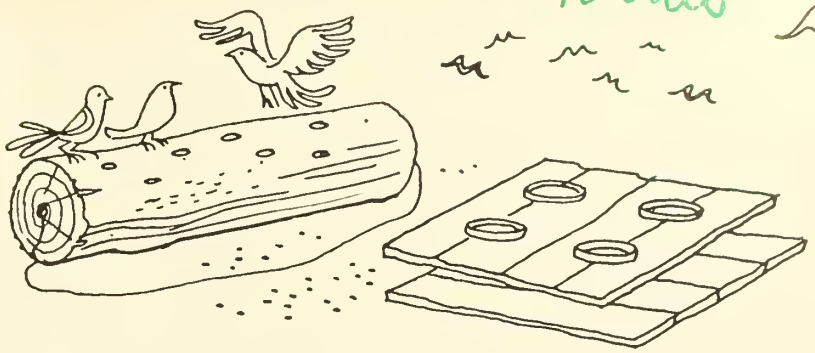
Joan began gathering up her valentines. She looked at the fancy ones she had received from Kate and Doris. Suddenly she remembered that she had not thanked the girls. Joan promptly went over and thanked them.

As she returned to her seat she realized that her worst valentine really had been the best, after all —because it had made her understand how silly she had been. Without the lopsided valentine, she might have become just like Kate and Doris.

Instead of giving friendship, she had merely been trying to impress others into giving theirs.

"I almost got lopsided, too," she told herself.

A Feast for the Birds



THESE are the harshest months of the year for our feathered friends. They have to hunt briskly for their dinners.

So, be a friend-of-the-birds. Let your mother help you prepare a special treat for them. It takes only a few ingredients and very little time to prepare. The birds will like this special Valentine feast, called Chickadee Pudding.

If you place your feeder in the right place, and keep it well filled, you'll be surprised how many different kinds of birds will thankfully accept your hospitality.

A good feeder for this type of bird food can easily be made if your father has a drill and you can find a small log about a foot long. Drill some holes about ½ inch in diameter into one side of the log. They need not be too deep. Then fill the holes with your Chickadee Pudding. Use some wire at each end of the log to fasten it to a tree or other suitable place.

Another feeder can be made with small jar lids (such as those on baby food jars). Ask at the grocery if you may have an old orange crate. Get your father to knock it apart so you may have the two heavy square ends. Nail two or three jar lids to one side of the square boards. Fill the lids with pudding, and find a place to fix the boards firmly so they become feeding platforms.

You might also want to nail small jar lids or bottle caps to a piece of old broom handle. Fill the caps with pudding, and wire the handle somewhere, such as the corner of a fence, where the birds can perch on it and peck at the pudding.

Now, use your recipe, put the treat out for the birds, and watch.

—Robert M. Doris, Jr.

For the Birds

Chickadee Pudding

4 cups water	12-oz. jar peanut butter
2 cups quick-cook oatmeal	3½ cups cornmeal
1 pound lard	3½ cups oatmeal (again)
3½ cups wheat cereal or farina	

Stir the two cups of oatmeal into boiling water and cook two minutes, stirring continuously. Remove from heat. Stir in lard and peanut butter, and mix well. Let cool. Then slowly add the cornmeal, uncooked oatmeal, and uncooked wheat cereal or farina. Knead and squeeze mixture with your hands until well mixed. Pack in jars and store in refrigerator or other cool place until ready for use.

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

The artist's original of this month's **cover painting** soon will have a permanent home at Chicago Wesley Memorial hospital where it may—just may—help some patients who inquire:

"Who was this Mr. Wesley, anyway? Some big industrialist-millionaire?"

When artist John R. White was commissioned to do the painting, it was for reasons other than merely enlightening inquisitive patients—many of whom are not well-informed Methodists! The hospital, now in its 75th-anniversary year, wanted to commemorate the pioneer work of Methodism's founder in the field of medicine, and make the point that helping the unfortunate, alleviating suffering, and curing the sick remain a vital, far-flung concern of The Methodist Church today. [See *The Church as Helper and Healer*, page 43.]

A lifelong Methodist, Mr. White is seen at his studio drawing board. He now is busy on a painting for our May issue.

Like ***Warner Sallman***'s *The Master Healer*, reproduced for this month's second cover from a mural in a Clarksburg, W.Va., hospital, Mr. White's painting will have a special, ever-changing audience, many among them people in need of compassion and help.

Our cover introduces the article by ***Richard Dunlop*** and ***Kenneth N. Anderson*** —*John Wesley: Man of Medicine, Too!* on page 22. The former, incidentally, has a forthcoming book, *Doctors on the Frontier*, drawn from five years of research into medical practices in the early West. The author tells us: "There are 22 chapters, ranging from *Pouch of Healing* which tells about white children who were captured by the Indians and raised as medicine men . . . to chapters on ranch medicine in the mining camps. Among the great doctors to whom I devote a full chapter is ***Marcus Whitman***, the missionary to the Northwest." His collaborator, Mr. Anderson, is editor of *Today's Health*, and much of the material from the forthcoming book first appeared in that publication.

While we are on the subject of art, we must confess that our own career progressed no farther than grade-school, geography-book sketches of Mutt and Jeff, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Reg'lar Fellers. But we have been impressed by the excellence in the works of contemporary artists who have contributed to this magazine since the first issue of October, 1956. Once we are through with the originals, they are hung in the hallways and in various editorial offices—but not for long, we assure you. The works of such artists as ***Mr. White, Charles Hargens, Robert Addison***—and our own ***Floyd A. Johnson***—are in nationwide demand, and we are continually shipping them out on loan to church groups.

Robert M. Doris, Jr. [see this month's *Small Fry*, page 73] is a *New Hampshire* youth director who believes in teaching natural science while building character out of doors. Just how successful he has been in the latter respect is illustrated by an incident that took place on a children's cookout.

"I had been stressing co-operation and a positive approach to life, decrying the negative critic." Mr. Doris explained. "One little girl sat down with her plate of food—cooked by a boy—and immediately turned up her nose. 'Ugh—looks like dog food,' she said, but hastened to add: 'Tastes good, though!'" —Your Editors

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A night seene at Pittsburgh (Pa.) Arena where the 1964 Methodist General Conferenee will be held. (Photo: Robert E. Diek Studio)

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